

THE

Desert

MAGAZINE



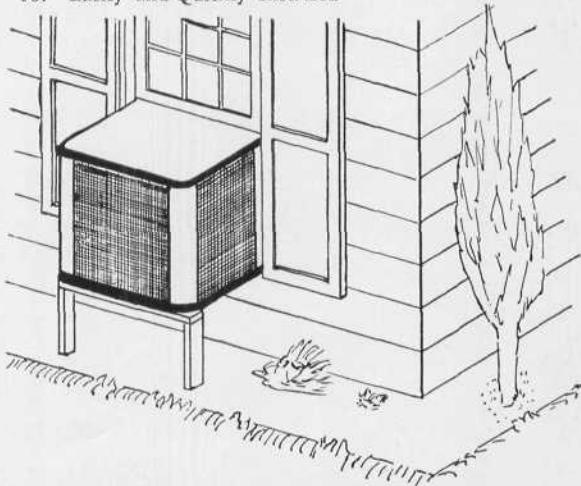
AUGUST, 1938

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CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

In the desert the Yuccas stand
guarding
With daggers drawn ready to fight,
To protect the calmness of evening
And the long restful peace of the
night.

DESERT

Calendar

Civic groups in the desert area are invited to use this column for announcing fairs, rodeos, conventions, and other events which have more than local interest. Copy should reach the Desert Magazine by the 5th of the month preceding publication. There is no charge for these announcements.

JULY 26—Fiesta and dances, Santa Ana Pueblo, New Mexico.

JULY 28—Corn dance at Taos, New Mexico.

JULY 29-31—Rodeo and Air show, Hobbs, New Mexico.

AUG. 1-25—Wood block prints in color by Gustave Baumann of Santa Fe to be exhibited at Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff.

AUG. 2—Dances at Jemez Pueblo, New Mexico.

AUG. 4—Corn dance at Santo Domingo Pueblo, New Mexico.

AUG. 4-5—Rodeo at Cedar City, Utah.

AUG. 5-6—State convention of Utah department of American Legion at Cedar City, Utah.

AUG. 10—Great Corn dance at Nambe and Picuris Pueblos, New Mexico.

AUG. 12—Corn dance at Santa Clara Pueblo, New Mexico.

AUG. 13-14—Spanish trails fiesta and rodeo at Durango, Colorado.

AUG. 24-26—Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonial at Gallup, New Mexico.

AUG. 25-27—Miners' Summer Jamboree to be held at Prescott, Arizona.

AUG. 26-27—Rodeo at Elko, Nevada.

AUG. 28—San Agustin's Day at Isleta Pueblo, New Mexico.

Announcement of the Hopi Snake dance to be held in August will be made about 10 days before the ceremony.



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The Worker

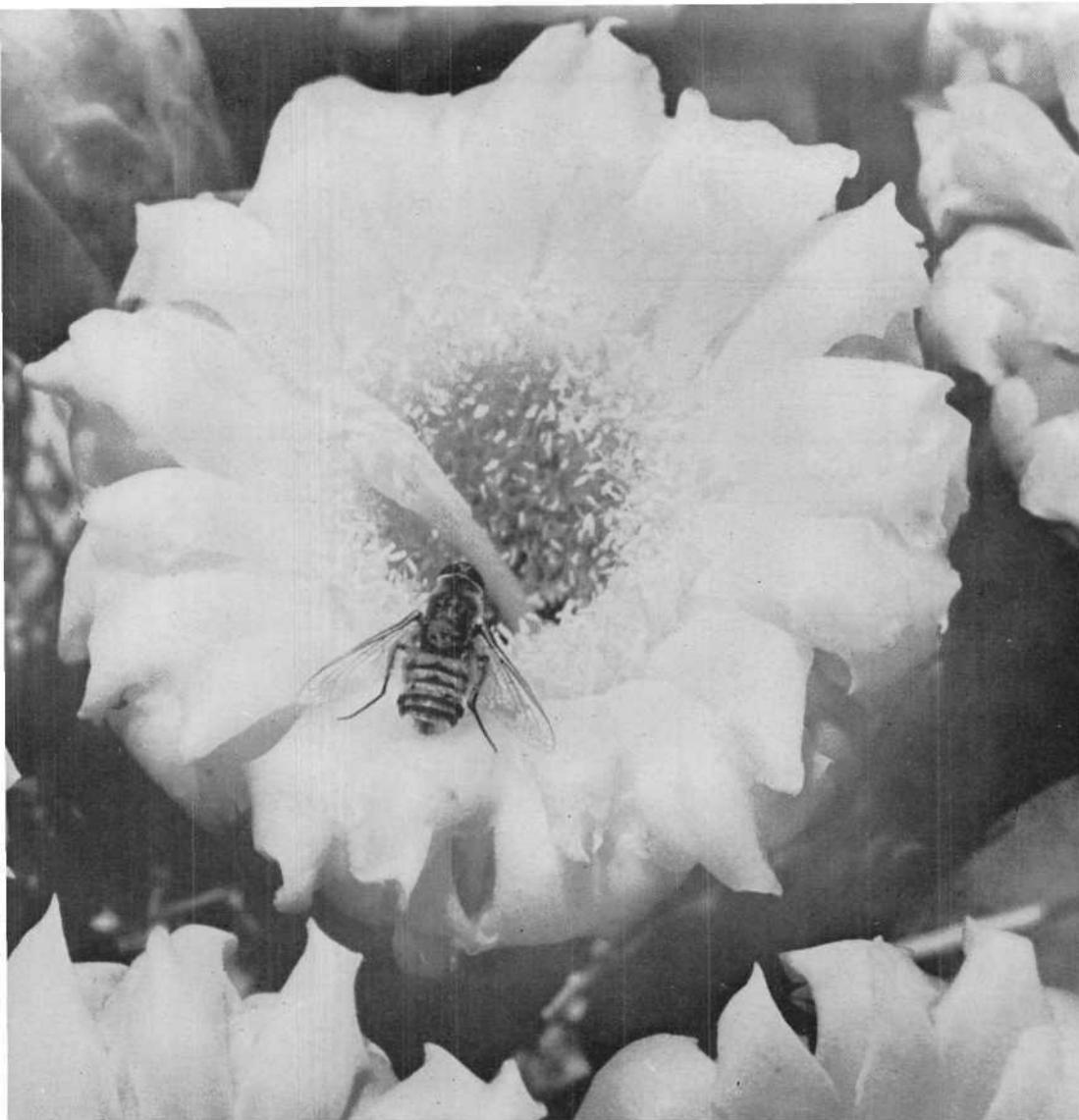
By

CLAIRE MEYER PROCTOR

1119 N. 5th St.

Phoenix, Arizona

This picture was awarded first place in the June amateur photographers' contest conducted by the Desert Magazine. The flower is a Saguaro blossom. Taken with a Recomar 18, f22, 1/100 sec., Panatomic film.



Pictures of special merit were submitted in the June photographic contest by the following:

George Clayton, Long Beach, California—"Beavertail"
Jack E. Knowles, Flagstaff, Arizona—"Sunset Crater"
Jerry McLain, Phoenix, Arizona—"Highway to Heaven"

Death Valley Dunes

By ARTHUR BUCKWALTER
562 8th Street
Upland, California

Awarded second prize in June photographic contest. Picture taken with a Foth Derby camera, 1/75 sec. at f9, Panatomic film. Exposure at five p.m. April 12, 1938.





Louise and Gustav Becker

62 Years a Trader in Apache Land

By TAZEWELL H. LAMB

GUSTAV BECKER was a boy of 20 when he rode horseback into Round valley 62 years ago, a German emigrant lad with all the dreams of youth in his heart. His worldly possessions were his horse, his saddle, the clothes he wore and a Winchester rifle. His stomach was as empty as his purse. On a 160-mile ride from the Rio Grande he had gone two days without food.

No wonder he was glad to see his elder brother, Julius, who had preceded him into a wild region on the headwaters of the Little Colorado river, high in the White mountains 100 miles west of the continental divide. Here the Becker brothers built a log cabin and opened a store. The year was 1876. It was Apache country. Their neighbors were Indians who fought 250 years of uninterrupted war against enemy redskins and whites. In the nearby mountain coves along the Arizona-New Mexico line outlaws made their ren-

dezvous. In those lovely retreats bandits plotted stage and train robberies, raids on cattle and horse ranches. From those hideouts gunmen rode to plunder and to that sanctuary fled with their loot, chased by clattering posses.

Today Gustav Becker is 82 years old. His original log cabin still stands on the banks of the river. He sits now at a desk in the modern building of the Becker Mercantile company at Springerville, Arizona, a few miles from the old store. From his office window he looks across Main street to a long block of Becker buildings—the Apache Tavern, the bank building, the Becker Motor company, the Becker Tourist court. Down the street is the Round Valley Light and Power company's plant. He is chief stockholder and president. In the White mountains graze Becker herds of fine cattle. On the Black river, in the district where Ike Clanton of Tombstone days died at the muzzle of a deputy's gun, he owns Diamond Rock lodge, built in the heart of 350 miles of

"Best thing to do when a man threatens you is to push right up against him. You want to stand up as close to any trouble as you can. Never run away." This is one of the rules that enabled Gus Becker to live and prosper on the western frontier during a period when his little trading post was patronized by bandits and cattle thieves. Becker went to Springerville, Arizona, 62 years ago with all his belongings on a saddle pony. Today the Becker name is associated with a score of highly successful business enterprises.

trout streams and game country. Becker property interests are held in many states. The name Becker is literally good as gold with connections from coast to coast.

On the first day of June this year Springerville dedicated a new \$105,000 federal building. The Becker home town is the smallest community in the country Uncle Sam has so favored. An eastern tourist in Springerville on dedication day stared across a green lawn at the two-story concrete structure and turned to his wife: "They'll be building 'em in cow pastures next."

How the federal building came to Springerville is a good story. But it can't be told now.

From a list of the guests at the dedication ceremonies you'll get a hint of how the Springerville influence reaches out. There was a barbecue; 1500 people heard speeches; distinguished visitors went on a motorcade 65 miles over forest service roads to the White mountain recreational

area of 2,000,000 acres. A grand *baile* made a festive evening.

The Fourth Assistant Postmaster General came from Washington. The Governor of Arizona was there. Jim Farley's right hand, Ambrose O'Connell--they call him the Postmaster General's Executive Assistant--was one of those present. Bishop Paris Ashcroft of Eagar delivered the invocation. Other speakers were B. M. Shimonowsky, state commander of the American Legion; William Bourdon, president of the Arizona Cattle Growers association; F. C. W. Pooler, Albuquerque, New Mexico, regional forester; Howard Reed, state engineer; Superior Judge Levi Udall; C. W. Pfaffenberger, San Francisco post office inspector; Mayor W. A. Sullivan of Globe.

It was appropriate that Gustav Becker, spry, lean, vigorous, alert, quick thinking and straight talking, made these and the other guests welcome. It was characteristic that he spoke of the future of the country he loves; that he said no word of the past, no word of Gus Becker.

But his spare, erect figure dominated the day. The quiet, positive force of the octogenarian is as real as the long row of Becker buildings on both sides of Main street.

Not many men past 80 wear their age jauntily. He does. A smart gray Homburg sits at a jaunty angle on his crisp white head. His gray eyes twinkle. His tailor is clever and his dress almost fastidious. He likes a panatela of fine Havana tobacco.

Approach him with personal questions and he shuts up, a clam. Actually, he represents a quiz. It takes a great deal of indirection, a lot of persistence, to get anything out of him about himself.

You dig out this, after long listening and discreet silence:

"In the early days it was pretty wild. We had no law. A man wore his gun all the time. I was shot at a good many times, but (he laughs) I never was killed. So that was all right."

"Whatever happens I never let it bother me."

"Best thing to do with a man who threatens you is to push right up against

him. You want to stand up as close to any trouble as you can. Never run away."

There were 15 settlers in Round valley when the Becker store opened its door to the first customer. At Christmas 1937 the Becker Mercantile company sent holiday greetings to 1500 patrons.

Other early day merchants didn't do so well. One, bluffed by outlaws into extending credit, went broke. Another, arousing anger of a bandit gang, had his store burned over his head.

"I stood for no foolishness," Becker said.

In a rare reminiscence he tells how two members of Ike Clanton's gang held up the store one night in 1883.

"They were Big Dave and Cub. We had our gold in a cigar box under the counter. They came in and poked their guns in our faces. My brother Julius and I were in the store. I kicked the cigar box further under the counter. I could hear the gold rattle when I kicked it.

"One of them opened the cash drawer, scooped out the money there. Then they backed out. They took one of our rifles with them.

Gun Fight in Dark

"Soon as they got out of the door I grabbed my pistol and went after them. It was pitch dark. We went to shooting. One of their horses staggered and I shot at the other as they rode off." From another source you learn that the young merchant's shot hit Big Dave through the body. He went to Clifton and died. Through the efforts of Gustav and his brother, Cub was caught in San Bernardino and sent back to St. Johns for trial. He got 12 years in prison.

Once Round valley harbored so many bad men that troops were sent from Fort Apache, martial law was declared, two bandits were lynched and there was a general exodus from the neighborhood. "It was quieter after that."

Fifty-three years ago Mr. Becker married a girl who came west from St. Louis. His brother Julius had married her sister.

Nine children were born to Mr. and

Mrs. Becker. Walter died in childhood. Arthur, one of twins, youngest of the family, was killed two years ago in Phoenix, in an accident by contact with a high voltage wire. He was electrical engineer for an Arizona power company.

"There was not a black sheep in the flock. We are both in good health. We have enjoyed life. We enjoy it now," declares Mr. Becker.

The family lives in a comfortable home, set back among the trees on a wide, shady lawn, with a walk from the house to the side entrance of his office. One son, Julius, is his father's constant and neverfailing associate in the big store. Alvin is manager of the power business; Edward runs the Becker Motor company; Hugo is an electrical engineer in San Francisco, sells power plants to cities all over the west. One daughter, Mrs. Gustav Reib, lives in Springerville and another daughter, Emma, is with her father and mother in the home. Paul is a Portland, Oregon business man.

Springerville is at one of those cross roads of the world to which pathfinders seem always beating a trail. Four hundred years ago Spanish soldiers in clanking armor rode up out of Mexico, first of white trail blazers to pass here. From eastern plains Apaches ranged to these mountains. Here Geronimo led their final futile uprising. Here came covered wagon trains pushing ahead of the westward thrust of steel. Motor scouts hunting transcontinental routes across the country's rooftop plotted the way for U. S. Highway 60 here.

The background is still the background of four centuries ago. Now as then, cathedral pines, tall red fir and slender pointed spruce pierce the turquoise sky, snow-fed creeks tumble down the mountain sides.

Deer, wild turkey, bear—and Apaches—still roam the forests. Trout feed in the icy streams.

But down in the valley where the smooth surface of Highway 60 runs

Continued on page 33

One of the many Becker enterprises



Springerville's \$105,000 federal building



When their collection of Indian relics grew too big for their little desert home, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Arden Edwards built an addition on the house—and then another and another. And now they have a big rambling structure filled with rare curios—each with an interesting story of prehistoric civilization in America. This private museum out on the Mojave desert is open to the public every day in the year.

Photographs by
GORDON W. FULLER

So They Built a Museum on the Mojave

By RANDALL HENDERSON

"ONLY one thief has passed this doorway!"

Visitors stop to read this strange inscription, posted at the entrance of a room which contains one of the most unusual collections of Indian artifacts to be found in any museum in the Southwest.

There is an interesting story behind that terse accusation—a story which sheds some light on human nature in general, and a great deal of light on the character of Howard Arden Edwards, the man who wrote the sign and the owner of the museum where it is posted.

The Edwards collection of Indian relics—known as Antelope Valley Indian Research Museum—is located in a remote corner of the great Mojave desert of Southern California. It is Howard Edwards' hobby—more accurately, one of



He is artist. She is housekeeper. But when vacation time comes they both become field archeologists and have gathered 98 per cent of the relics in their museum with their own hands. This picture of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards was taken at their desert retreat in Antelope valley, California.

his many hobbies for he is a man of versatile talents.

Perched high among the boulders of Pahute Butte 25 miles east of Lancaster and about the same distance from Palmdale, the Indian Museum looks down on a forest of ageless Joshua trees extending across the landscape as far as the eye can see. None but an artist would have selected this spot for such an institution.

There is a vacant place on one of the many panels which form the walls of the museum room. Until the "one thief" visited that room this space was occupied

by a prehistoric Indian fishhook made of abalone shell. There are many such fishhooks in the panel. They were found on one of the islands off the coast of Southern California.

"I have left that space vacant," said Edwards, "because I believe that sooner or later the thief will return and perhaps feel a little shame, for the artifact was destroyed in trying to remove it, and can never be replaced."

Vandals could not steal such trinkets from a well-regulated public museum in which portable objects are kept under

glass, or beyond the hands of the pilferers.

But conventional museum practices are noticeably absent in the institution at Pahute Butte, and perhaps that is one of the reasons why visitors find it so interesting.

Thousands of people come to his museum every year, and there is seldom a custodian on duty in this room—and yet during the seven years this place has been open to the public there has been but one theft.

"Put people on their honor and they will live up to the best that is in them. It is a simple axiom—and I have proved to my own satisfaction it is a true one."

This is Edwards' explanation for the apparent laxity of discipline in his institution. Nothing is under lock. The displays are arranged so informally that the visitors, if they chose, could do irreparable damage. But they do no harm. The little message at the doorway is a reminder that they are on their honor.

Howard Edwards has other ideas not found in the rule book. He insists that a collection of Indian artifacts has no value for exhibit purposes unless it tells a story the lay visitor can understand.

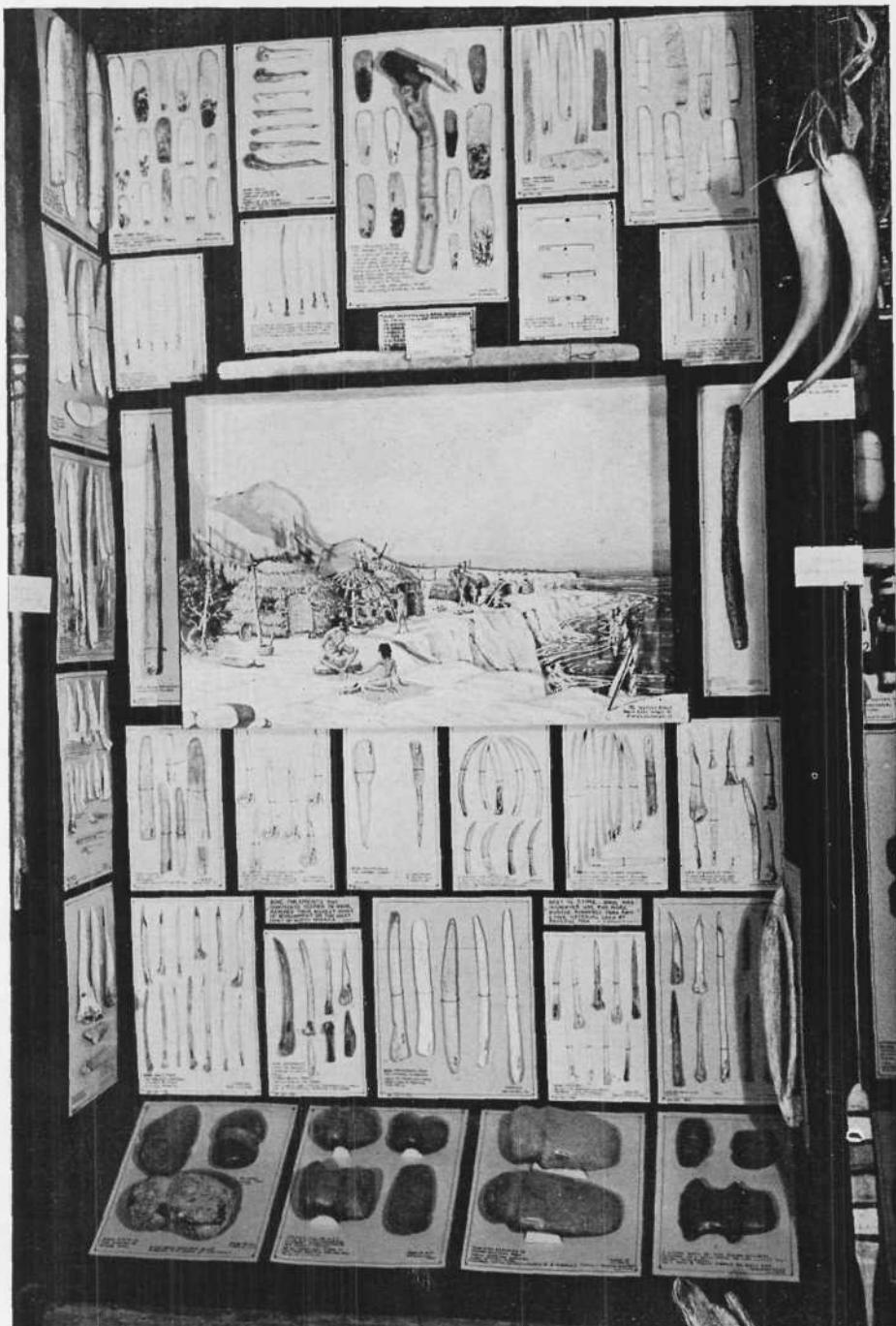
"Long rows of show cases containing Indian beads and such relics mean nothing unless they record the lives and loves and emotions of human beings," he asserts.

And so, every exhibit in his unique collection tells a story. There is the evolution of the Indian grinding mill—graphically illustrated by a carefully arranged and labeled series of metates and mortars.

An arrowhead is only a piece of stone until it is disclosed in one section of the museum how the Indian went about the operation of chipping the point out of solid rock and making it into a useful weapon. Edwards devoted his spare hours during many weeks to a study of how those arrowheads were formed with the crude tools available—and by the Indian's own methods became a proficient arrowmaker himself.

At various times he has advanced theories which other archeologists regarded as absurd. For instance there is a relic known among collectors as a "doughnut stone" because of its resemblance to the popular product of the kitchen. Well-tooled specimens of the doughnut stone were excavated along the sea coast and scientists generally believed it had been used as a sinker for Indian fishing nets.

Edwards was convinced that too much labor had been expended in making this tool to justify such a conclusion. Efficient sinkers could be turned out with less effort. He decided it was the head of an Indian killing club—and eventually one was found by a sheepherder on San Miguel Island with the handle still in



As an artist Howard Edwards has reproduced on canvas what his experience as an archeologist has taught him about the homes and daily life of the prehistoric Indian tribes on the Mojave desert. These paintings add much to the interest of his museum. The above photograph shows one of the many panels in the Edwards exhibit.



place in the hole of the stone doughnut.

"Good archeology is mostly plain common sense," he asserts.

The Edwards collection has been assembled over a period of 12 years, 98 per cent of the artifacts having been gathered by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards themselves. They have spent much of their vacation periods traveling over the country in quest of new fields of research—always with a strict regard for laws against promiscuous collecting in state and federal domains.

He shares a true archeologist's disdain for mere "pot-hunting."

"A pot-hunter," he says, "is a collector who seeks nothing but intact pottery, and learns nothing from the experience. A scientist attaches more value to a tiny broken segment than a complete vessel if it reveals some new bit of information about the movements or life of the prehistoric races of men."

"No relic of Indian occupation has any value unless it discloses something of the habits and character of the people who made it."

Indian Museum was built entirely by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and their son Arden. It took them five years to erect this rambling home for their collection of Indian relics. The rocks of Pahute Butte may be seen in the background.

Visitors wonder why this out-of-the-way site was selected for such a remarkable institution. Mrs. Edwards, who first of all is a domestic woman, and becomes a field archeologist only when it is the most effective way of helping her husband, gives the answer:

"H. A. always dreamed about one of those palm-thatched little cabins in the South Sea islands where nature provides everything and life is undisturbed by laws and conventions. I guess most men have that fancy at one time or another."

"One day when we were out tramping among the Joshua trees we came upon the spot where the museum is now located. 'There is the spot for your South Sea island retreat,' I suggested.

"H. A. agreed it was the next best

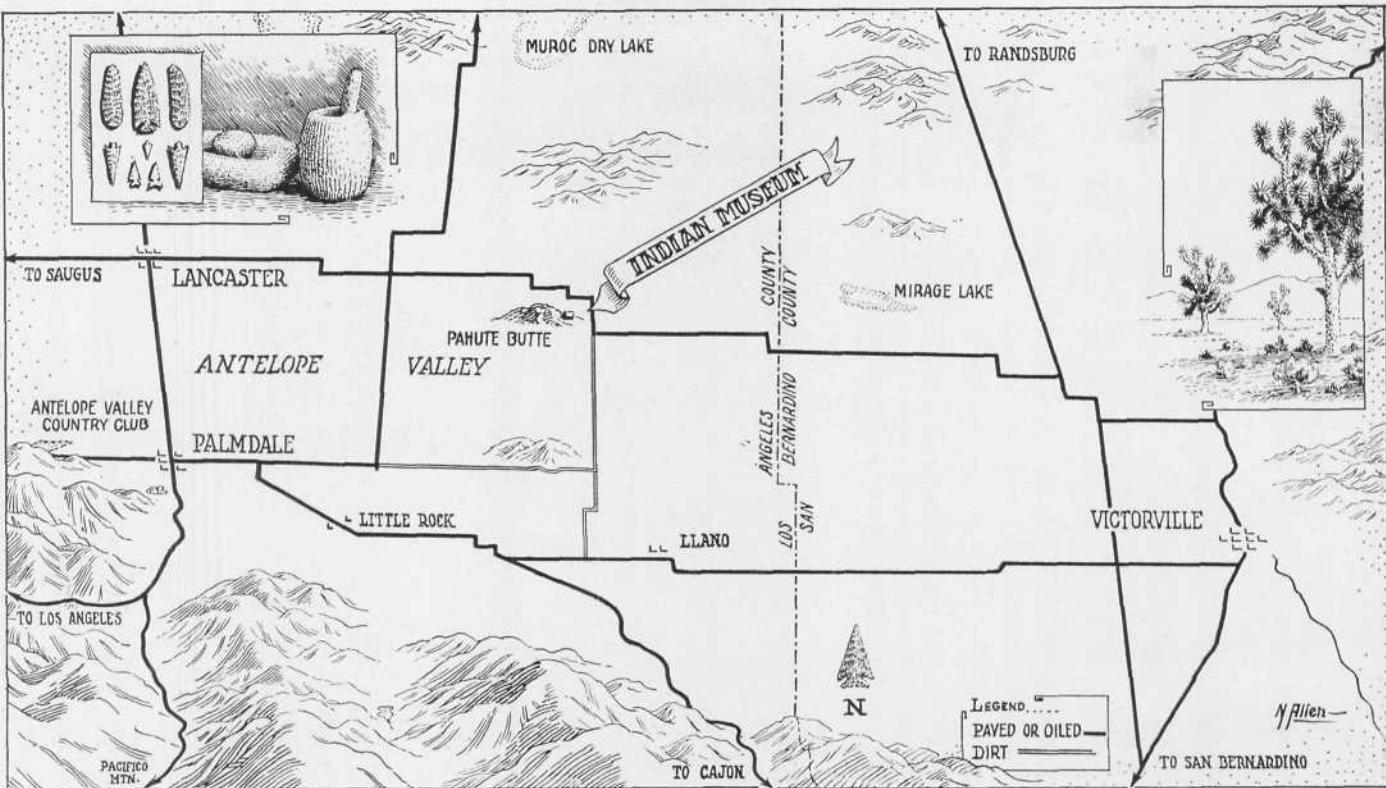
thing—a beautiful desert panorama, with Joshua trees instead of palms, and plenty of sand—with perhaps a mirage to take the place of the South Sea.

"And so we decided to build a home there—just a little cottage where we could have quiet and rest. But after a couple of weeks friends began coming out from the city, and they have been coming ever since. One day when the spring flowers in Antelope valley were exceptionally pretty we had over 2,000 visitors."

The large crowds did not start coming, however, until the little cottage had expanded into a big museum.

"I am an incurable collector," Edwards explains in telling about starting the museum. "I have collected nearly everything under the sun, including coins, stamps, shells, mushrooms, snakes and birds' eggs. But none of them had enough human interest. And so I began studying Indian life through the artifacts I had picked up from time to time."

"We had plenty of room here, and the three of us—our family included Mrs.



Edwards and our son Arden—started the museum building. We did all the work ourselves during our spare time over a period of five years. We had to remove a big boulder to make room for the balcony in the rocks, and since there was no dynamite we pounded it away with a sledge hammer. Mrs. Edwards spent hours at a time swinging that hammer."

Although purely a private institution, Indian Museum is an institutional member of the Southwestern Archeological Federation, and Edwards is a member of the Society for American Archeology.

Adult visitors are charged 25 cents admission but under-privileged groups are admitted free. There are times when Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have to borrow from their personal bank account to keep the museum open.

Six years ago Edwards planned and directed a gorgeous outdoor spectacle, "The Crimson Arrow," in a natural amphitheater among the rocks near the museum. For three hours the guests sat on the sand and watched a beautifully lighted pageant of Indian life on the Mojave desert before the period of the white man. The only criticism came from those who complained that the performance did not last long enough.

"The Crimson Arrow" was repeated annually for five years. It was designed originally to help finance the maintenance of the museum. But the cost of presenting drama on so grand a scale in this remote desert region has been so high the net profit to the museum has been negligible. This, despite the fact that players

and helpers worked without compensation. Edwards expressed doubt that the spectacle would be repeated this year.

Howard Edwards' life story is no less astonishing than the museum he has built. Few men have had more varied careers.

As a tattered 11-year-old bootblack in his native city of Springfield, Illinois, he would sneak past the guard at the local museum and spend hours copying the beautifully colored bird pictures found in the Audubon books. Last year he returned to Springfield to deliver a lecture on archeology from the stage of a fine new museum which has replaced the old one.

As far back as he can remember he was interested in birds and art work. For years he was an ornithologist specializing in oology. His rare collection of birds' eggs is at Pomona college. He perfected his own technique for "blowing" egg specimens from a hole in the shell so small it is invisible to the naked eye.

The strange paradox of this man's career is that he carried on his studies in science and art during a long period of years when he was earning his livelihood in occupations far removed from art gallery and laboratory. He was a cigar-maker's apprentice until he got his journeyman's card, and then quit the trade. He never uses tobacco.

He was a professional dare-devil, making the bicycle dive from a 110-foot runway into an 8-foot tank of water. He traveled with Al G. Barnes circus as an acrobatic clown, his specialty being a comedy act on stilts.

Then he became a professional on roll-

er skates and resigned his job as manager of the old Jim Morley rink in Ocean Park to become a theatrical scene painter.

In 1924 he was one of the owners of a decorating concern in Pasadena. His scenic work had attracted widespread attention and he was asked to teach a class in one of the schools. He accepted the offer—but had never completed his common school education and so it was necessary to do intensive summer school work for the next four years to obtain teaching credentials.

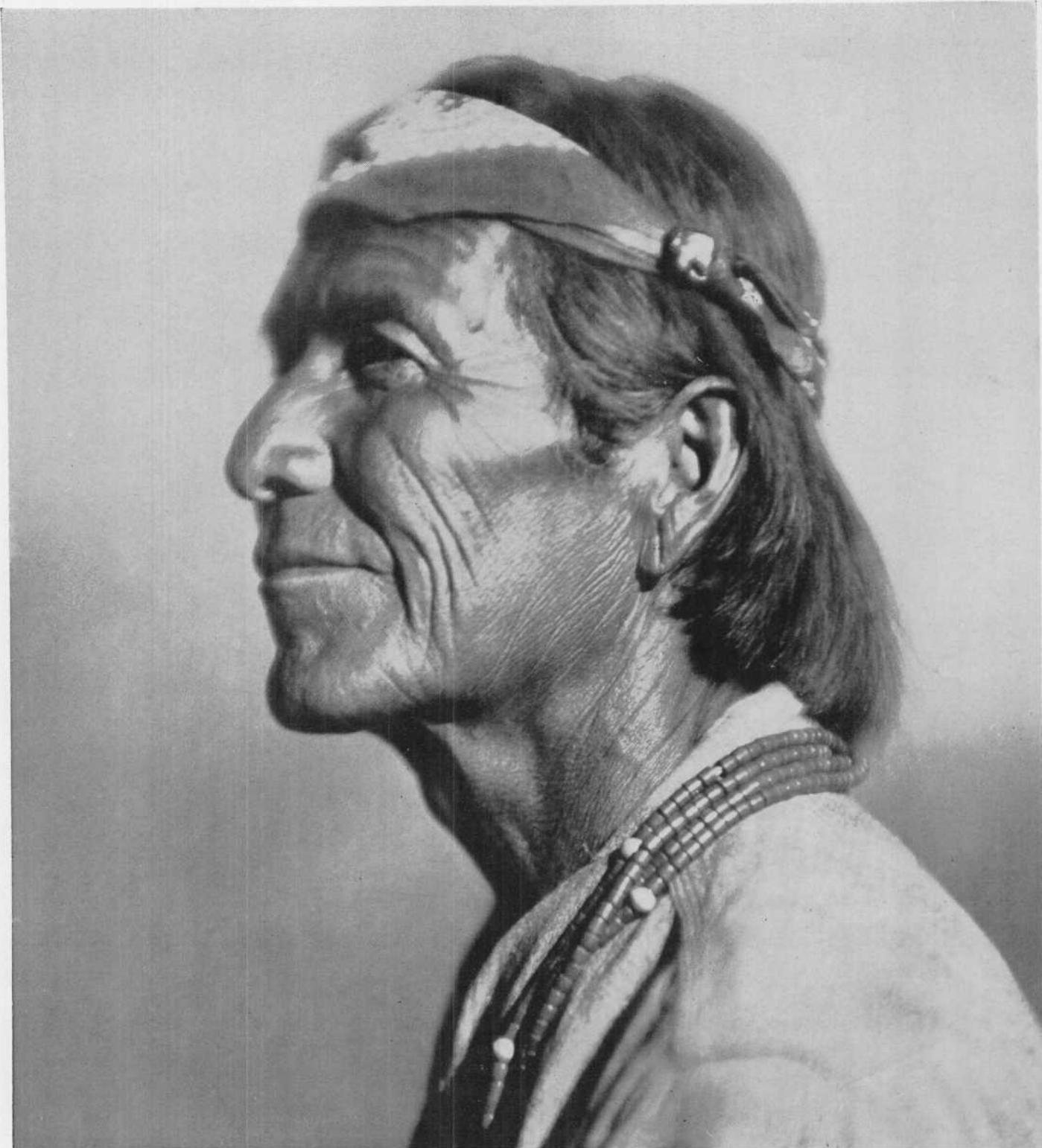
Later, "just to keep the records straight" as he explains it, he took the necessary examinations and received his high school diploma. He is a member of the art department at Lincoln high school in Los Angeles.

Today Howard Edwards is 55 years of age, a well-preserved man with penetrating steel-blue eyes and a tremendous reserve energy which may yet lead to new fields of research and achievement.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards reside in a modest little home in Los Angeles, going out to greet visitors at the museum during the weekends. A caretaker is in charge there during the week days.

Navajo rugs and exquisite paintings lend to their home the atmosphere of the Southwest desert which has been the happy hunting ground for many of their vacation periods.

"Only one thief has entered Indian Museum and I believe he will come back to apologize some day." A man with such unbounded faith in his fellow human beings is worth knowing.



INTEGRITY

"Feel" ... of the Desert

By John Stewart MacClary

Photo by W. M. Pennington

W HATEVER his name, his race, or the color of his skin, a man with these features might be trusted to do the right thing—if he thought it was right. Life in the open demands and develops integrity—the most important element in fitness for survival.

The bandeau on his head, the ear-drop in his lobe, the coral-and-turquoise necklace over his shoulder—all proclaim the Navajo birth and tribal training of this patriarch.

Whiten the skin ever so little, shorten the hair a bit, place a military hat or a ten-gallon Stetson on the head and you will have the resemblance of at least a dozen pale-skinned heroes of American frontiers . . . Integrity.



Navajos Call it Nat-sis-an

"*NAVAJO* Country" magic words! For years I had read and heard tales of those wild regions of northern Arizona and southern Utah that are a part of the Western Navajo Indian reservation and the southern Pahute country. Stirring accounts of old John Wetherill and his early explorations through an actually unexplored part of the United States, of the wonderful prehistoric cities of the cliff dwellers he found hidden away in remote canyons; stories of Clyde Kluckhohn's thrilling and finally successful efforts to reach the top of Wild Horse mesa, a great table-land upon which until very recent years no known white man had

Instead of taking the established trail to the top of Navajo mountain, Hulbert Burroughs and his companions chose a more difficult route, spurred by the hope that they might actually find the crudely carved image of the Navajo war god which according to legend stands somewhere on the rocky slopes.

By HULBERT BURROUGHS

ever set foot; how a young artist-adventurer had ridden alone into the broken and treacherous terrain north of the Rainbow Bridge never to be seen or heard of again; and of my own two friends who had scaled the broad slopes of Navajo mountain, become lost at night in a cold and bitter wind-storm without food or blankets. All these stories had made me want more than anything else to see this wild Indian country for myself.

But the opportunity came sooner than I had hoped. Almost before I knew it I found myself a member of a party headed for the great Rainbow Natural Bridge—a party led by

the same Clyde Kluckhohn who had pioneered to the top of Wild Horse mesa!

We were not long in reaching Flagstaff, Arizona, and from there we headed north on the Salt Lake City road, through Cameron on the Little Colorado, turned off to Tuba City, thence past Tonalea through the Navajo national monuments where stand the famous cliff dwellings of Inscription House and Betatakin, and finally to the Dunn's Trading Post right at the foot of the eastern slopes of Navajo mountain.

Here we outfitted with Indian ponies and by noon the next day were actually on the trail to the Rainbow Bridge.

Rich in Indian Legend

Among great boulders and into deep ravines the trail skirted the southern slopes of Navajo mountain. This massive landmark rising abruptly from a fairly level plain to a height of 10,416 feet is visible for miles around. *Nat-sis-an*, as the Indians call it, is rich in Navajo legend and is believed by them to be the dwelling place of their god of war, of thunder, and of certain other spirits. A good Navajo fears to venture too far upon its slopes lest the falling night should find him a trespasser in the land of the gods. And I could well imagine the feelings of the Navajos, for *Nat-sis-an*, standing huge and lonely in a wild country, gave us all a feeling of mystery and a sensation closely akin to fear. How I wanted to explore its vast timbered slopes, and stand upon its broad summit; to look out over the great expanse to the north and west—Wild Horse mesa and the Escalante desert!

Three hours of rough going among turreted rock formations, out of one deep ravine into another, brought us at last to the crest of a mighty divide.

Breathless we stopped to gaze upon a vast panorama. Down beneath us wound the thread-like trail into a deep canyon far below. Tremendous red cliffs rose to awe-inspiring heights above the rocky defile that was the streambed 2,000 feet below. Far off to the right we caught a fleeting glimpse of Wild Horse mesa—that mysterious table-land we had heard so much about. Clothed in deep purple in the late afternoon sun, its wall towered above the surrounding country.

So big, so ominous was the scene that none of us spoke as we started the long descent into the deep canyon. I think we were all conscious of that stirring sense of the sheer magnitude and godliness that only the great works of Nature can inspire. There is a saying that no man can come away from the Rainbow Bridge an atheist.

That night we camped at the bottom of a mighty gorge. Great red cliffs seemed to close in upon us. I don't recall ever having had the sense of such complete isolation from the rest of the world. I was beginning to realize why this is for the most part the least explored land in the United States.

Tragedy Lurks in Canyons

The region is almost entirely solid rock—great dome-like hills separated by deep canyons whose beds have been cut by centuries of stream erosion. Once in the bottom of one of these canyons there is no seeing out. You must either go up or down stream. An intricate maze of side canyons with little or no water makes this a land in which to be lost means almost inevitable death by thirst or starvation.

Such thoughts, however, were not enough to keep us from sleeping soundly; and early the next morning we were again on the trail, refreshed and eager for our first glimpse of the Rainbow Bridge which Clyde insisted was not far ahead.

We had all seen pictures of the bridge and had heard much about it. But no amount of words or printed matter can ever describe great natural wonders as they actually exist in their own setting. Thus it is impossible for me to impart to others the emotions that came to me with that first sight of

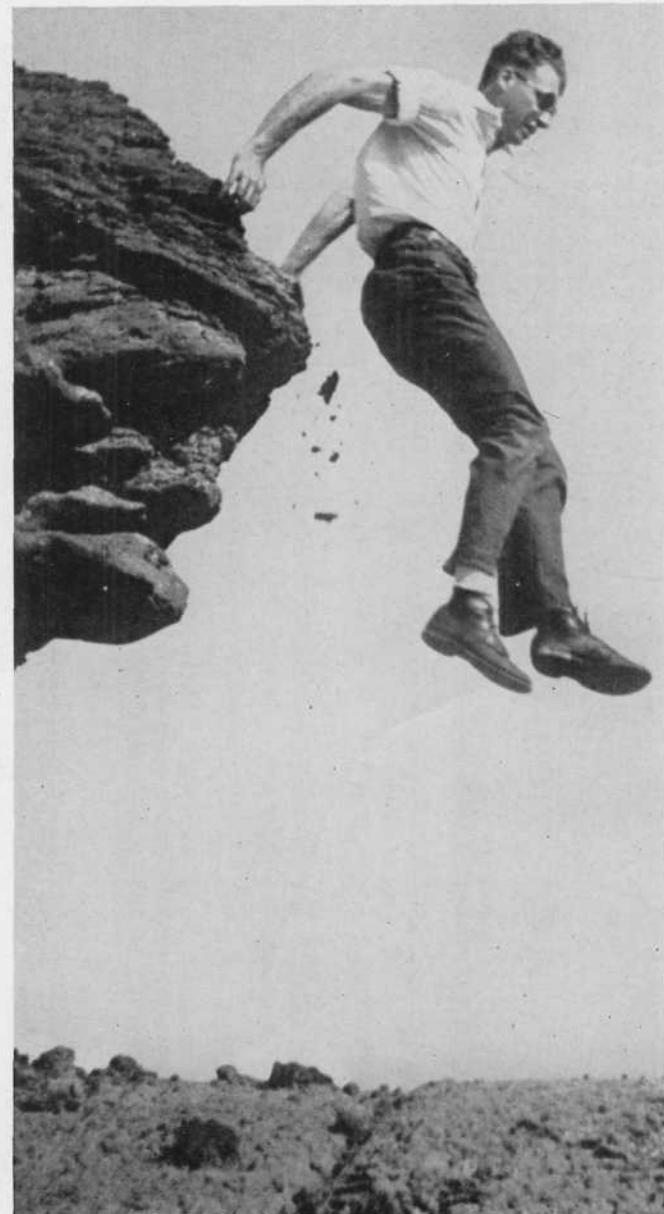
the Rainbow Bridge—*Nonne-zoche Not-se-lid*, the incomparable Arch of Nature!

Because of the height of the surrounding cliffs the first impression is not of its great size, but rather of the graceful curves of its arch. Yet as you finally stand beneath it, the tremendous height immediately becomes apparent. From the floor of the canyon to its magnificent crest is close to 400 feet! The time required for the infinite artistry of Nature to carve such a work is almost inconceivable!

Although a road has been opened during the past few years to the Rainbow Lodge, within 12 miles of the Bridge, it is hoped that it will never be brought any nearer. The idea of hot-dog stands beneath that majestic arch, and "O'Leary's Garage" painted across the lovely pastel shades of its rock face, is repugnant. For after all, it is the isolation, the difficulties of reaching it, together with the final glorious reward for hardships endured, that in part make it so appealing.

Two days later found us again at the Dunn's Trading Post. There we held a discussion about plans. Our vacation time was growing short; duties at home could not be ignored too

Gordon Pettit, one of Burroughs' companions on the bike to the top of Navajo mountain, takes a short cut down slope.



long. Yet as we sat about the campfire at the foot of Navajo mountain I argued strongly for an extra day to make the long hard climb to the summit of old *Nat-sis-an*. It seemed foolish to be so close and not do the thing I had dreamed of so long. It was at last decided that those who wanted to make the climb could do so; the others would take the day to explore a nearby cliff dwelling.

There is a trail to the top of Navajo mountain, but when Clyde told us of the legend that a crudely carved image of the Navajo war god lies somewhere undiscovered on the slopes of the mountain, it seemed at the time better to choose our own route—one that had never been taken before—than to take the regular trail.

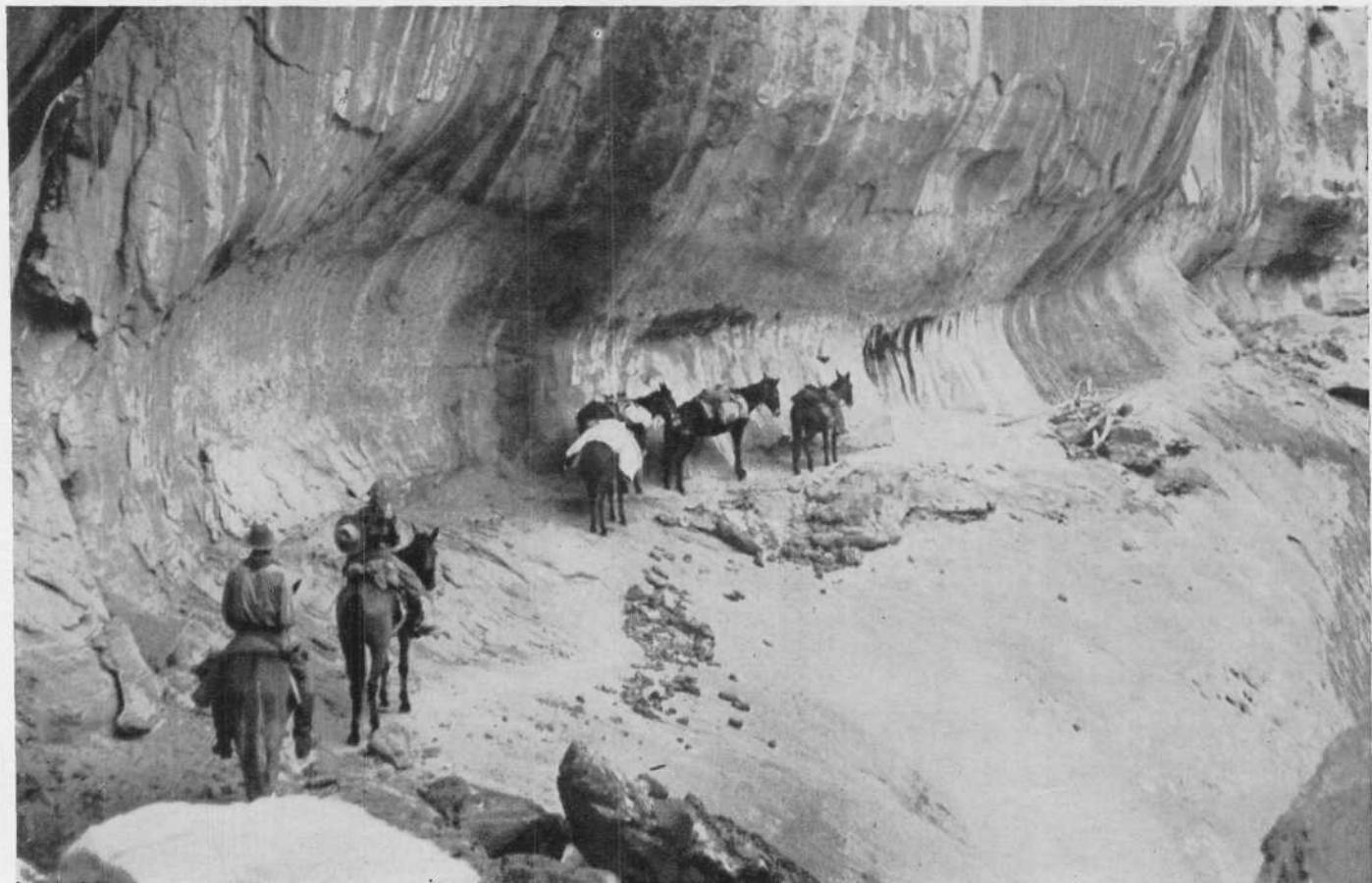
So a little after dawn the next morning we were on the way up the long alluvial fan that spreads out from the eastern slopes of Navajo mountain. Although the climb was to be a long one, our time was short and we must make it to the summit and back before nightfall. We carried only our canteens and a light lunch.

Rugged Climbing on Rocky Slopes

It is doubtful whether we could have chosen a much more difficult route. With no trail to guide us, we pushed laboriously through dense underbrush, up narrow chimneys in the cliffs. Once after a particularly difficult spot over the rocks we came to a cul-de-sac from which there was no other exit than that by which we had entered so industriously. To retrace our steps was discouraging because we were all tired. And then to add to our discomfort, about ten o'clock in the morning a strong cold wind came up from the north. Now, even our rest periods were far from enjoyable. To travel as light as possible we had brought no warm coats. Thus, despite our fatigue, we were forced to keep almost constantly on the move.

The top of Navajo mountain does not come to a conven-

Along the pack trail which leads to Navajo mountain and the Rainbow Natural bridge.



ient peak as do conventional mountains, but is broad and sloping. Dense timber made it difficult for us to know how far we were from the summit. Several times our hopes of having at last reached the top were shattered with the sight of other slightly higher ridges ahead. It was not until after noon, all of us nearly exhausted, that we were rewarded with definite proof of our success—a Coast Geodetic survey marker! Yet still because of the trees we could not get a clear view of the country to the north.

But after a short and much needed rest we started exploring toward the north slope and were not long in finding the point of vantage we wanted. On the crest of a talus of great broken granite boulders where the trees could not grow, we found an unbroken view of Wild Horse mesa and the fearsome Escalante desert. Tired muscles and sore lungs were immediately forgotten.

Where No White Man Has Been

Before us extended the rugged and treacherous regions of southern Utah where the Colorado river cuts a mighty gorge below its junction with the San Juan river. Territory surrounding the canyons of these two rivers is without doubt the least explored area in the United States. There are many portions of it that have seen no men since the days of prehistoric Indians, many of whose cliff dwellings nestle high in the faces of inaccessible cliffs.

Wild Horse mesa, stretching some 60 miles into the distant haze, dominates the scene. Old timers call it Fifty-mile mountain. Zane Grey gave it the romantic name by which it is generally known. On official maps it bears the name Kaiparowitz plateau. Although the origin of this last name is uncertain, some believe it came from the name given by the Indians to the daring pioneer, Major Powell, who led the first

Continued on page 32

As a trade name for some of the finest dates grown on the Southern California desert "Valerie Jean" is known in the far corners of the earth. The young lady who inspired this name is not so well known. She is Valerie Jean Nicoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Nicoll, who operate a little roadside date shop on Highway 99 and have built up a tremendous mail order business for Coachella valley's choice fruit. In the accompanying story J. Wilson McKenney of the Desert Magazine staff has given an entertaining story of the Valerie Jean institution and the people who have been responsible for its success.

Roadside Date Shop on the Desert

By J. WILSON MCKENNEY

TWO passengers in a swaying Russian coach-car were swapping travel yarns. The Siberian railway passes through some desolate scenery and the Americans were glad to turn their thoughts to other lands.

"And speaking of drinks," said one, "if you ever visit southern California go down to Coachella valley and get a date milk shake at a little roadside stand." He fumbled for a moment in his wallet, finally drew out a battered card. "Here it is—yes, it's the Valerie Jean date shop."

Many months passed before the second traveler arrived at last before Russ Nicoll's shop on U. S. 99 highway in south central Riverside county. As he sipped his first date milk shake he told Nicoll where he had first heard about the famous drink that-is-a-meal. "I didn't exactly travel 10,000 miles just to get this drink, but I couldn't forget that fellow's enthusiasm and I just had to find out for myself."

This rich food drink has enjoyed a remarkable rise to fame. The man who literally put Valerie on the map is Russell



Valerie Jean

C. Nicoll, a pleasant-voiced man in the prime of vigor.

A native Californian, Nicoll entered school in Mesa, Arizona, and at seven years of age he had his first lessons in merchandising when he peddled fruit in the good Mormon community. An orphan at 11, he did a man's work in a Los Angeles brickyard and from there went to other jobs to earn a living. He had his first introduction to desert life when he ran away from school to take a job milking cows on a ranch near Holtville, Imperial county. When the war broke he enlisted and was assigned to the motor transport corps. But not until ten years

later did he find an outlet for his creative merchandising talents.

In 1928 Nicoll was a broken farmer, financially and spiritually too low to struggle longer against the rigors of desert elements and the fluctuations of the new date market. He had come to the desert north of Salton sea with his bride and had attempted, in characteristic American fashion, to nurse young date palms into quick production. But they wouldn't be hurried.

He was through with date growing. But he was held by the mysterious fascination of the desert. He had learned to love the mountain-rimmed bowl he had



labored in, the gray line of brush-covered sand sweeping down from the purple Santa Rosas to the sterile shores of azure Salton sea. And he had an idea, born many years before when he peddled fruit in Mesa. Why not sell dates direct to the public?

He had worked for a while in a date packing house and had noticed that motorists—the few hardy ones who ventured out on poor roads—often stopped to buy dates in bulk to take home as a souvenir of their visit to the desert. Russ would do more than fill a paper bag and throw it on the scales. He would sell not only dates; he would sell the charm of a desert oasis, mix it with artful presentation of his wares, and throw in a measure of western color and hospitality.

The Nicolls, man and wife, talked it over. He is the plunger, she the conservative—an ideal business partnership. They decided to try merchandising dates for a year. The third member of the "firm," Valerie Jean, was then entering school and she did not have a voice in the decision. But her influence became a powerful aid in the new enterprise.

In payment for a year of hard work, Nicoll secured a small piece of land near the highway. He chose an abrupt curve as the spot to set up his establishment. He hooked a tractor to the 12 by 16 foot shack in which he had lived and pulled it to the desired spot. After making fills for a driveway, he drove his old car to Coachella to see the banker.

"Then I made my first sale," Nicoll recalls proudly. He brought Banker Westerfield out to the shack, approached and

The roadside shanty of 10 years ago has been replaced with a vine-covered shop where thousands of motorists stop every year.

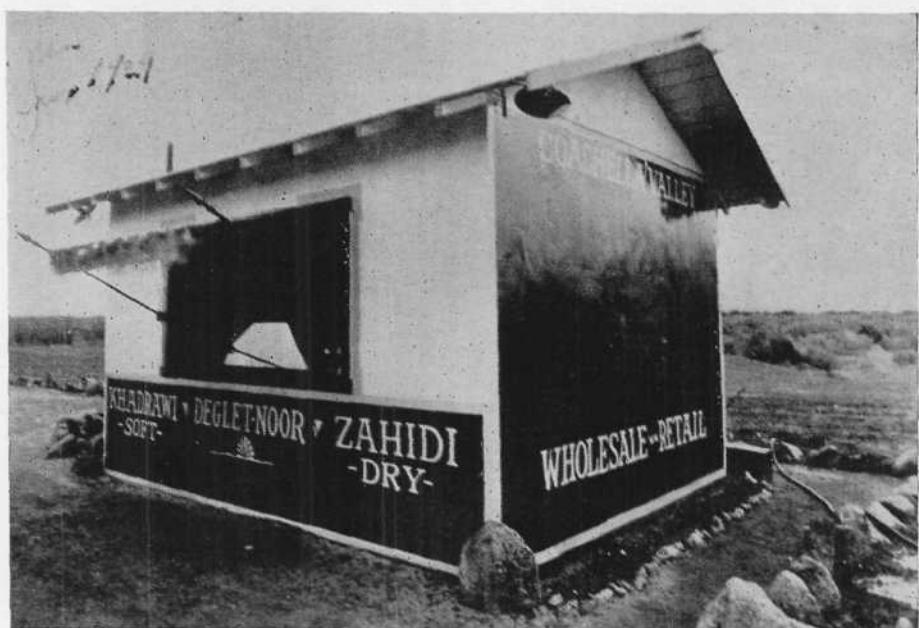
reappraised the location from both directions. They talked about motorist vision and speed on curves. Russ must have been convincing because he got his first loan. He opened for business in the shack in October, 1928.

The probationary year ended and with it came the financial crash on Wall street. The Nicolls heard and felt a tremor but the little business was unshaken. By 1930 the original shack had been moved away and in its place rose a sturdy building, constructed in rustic fashion from old railroad ties, bridge timbers, and abandoned telephone poles. Shaped from primitive materials, the new building had honest strength, seemed to radiate the charm of early California *haciendas* from which it was patterned. Across the front was a long *ramada* and up the stout pillars young vines began to crawl. Behind

and at the sides of the shop Russ placed tall date palms. The weed patch at the back door disappeared and in its place blossomed an acre of flowers and shrubs.

Meanwhile Valerie Jean was growing up, became as comely a miss as ever stood behind a counter. When mother and father decided to put her name in neon lights over the shop, they made one of the "luckiest" decisions in the business. That name is read and repeated by thousands of people every year and is stamped in gold on packages shipped to every civilized country in the world.

Those who had thought Nicoll a little "crazy with the heat" for starting a merchandising business on a lonely desert road far from town felt impelled to advise him that he was doomed to certain failure when part of the east-bound traffic took the new Indio-Blythe cutoff, com-





Mr. and Mrs. Russell Nicoll in one of the many flower gardens which surround their roadside date shop.

pleted in 1936. But he had built more solidly than they had guessed. He had the names and addresses of thousands of customers. He had carefully sold only the "cream of the crop." He had designed unique and attractive packages and had advertised carefully.

That line credited to Emerson about the world beating a path to the door of the man who built better mouse-traps gives Nicoll no illusions. He knows also that a transcontinental highway at his front door is not the greatest factor in building his business. Seeing thousands of cars speed by has probably convinced him that a great part of the world has not yet heard of his "better mouse-trap." But he is too busy to do much philosophizing. Too many cars come to an abrupt halt as

though this shop was a predetermined destination.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll wait on customers themselves. They have schooled themselves to answer questions carefully and courteously, with all the patience characteristic of a government park ranger. It must be trying though when visitors ask "Are your dates wormy? Are your dates clean? Do you sell dates? Do you handle axle grease?"

One customer wanted to know if an odd-shaped gourd (18 inches long) was a date. It was quite apparent this man had never seen dates before. But the customer who exasperates the merchant most is the fellow who takes samples (at 65¢ a pound) for his whole party and then buys a nickel's worth. Some very large

light-colored dates which were on display last year caused much interest. Invariably visitors asked if they were potatoes.

Nicoll can judge the character and background of a customer by the way he handles date seeds. Some pocket the seeds to take home for a backyard experiment. Some toss them indifferently in the driveway and others drop them carelessly at their feet. Some men take the first drink served across the counter; the boy who serves his parents first and takes his refreshment last gladdens Nicoll's heart. Very few customers are unpleasant; they are usually thoughtful and considerate.

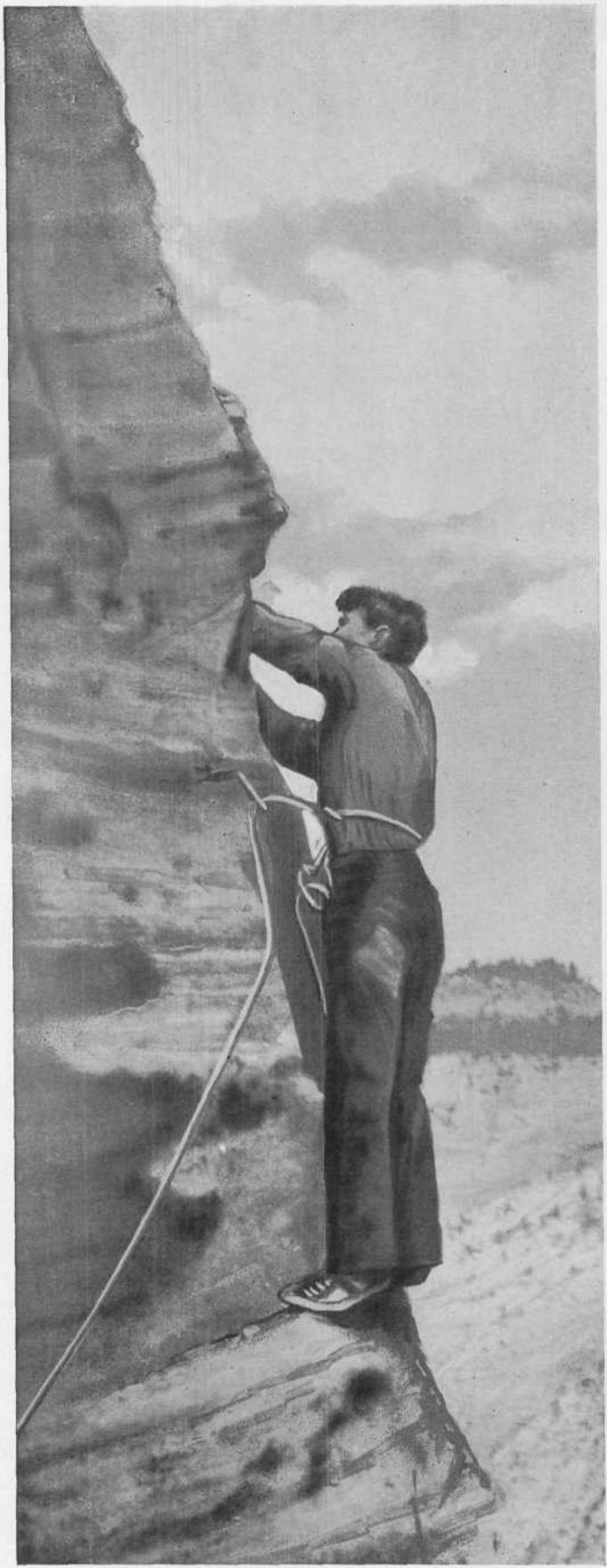
A number of progressive date men in Coachella valley are selling the romance of the date. One uses an educational lecture, another has a famous "backyard" in a palm grove, another goes in for intensive direct mail advertising, nearly all use highway signs. But Nicoll uses a combination of these modern sales methods, adding a knack for creating unique packages which keeps the cash register ringing happily.

Gourds, baskets, and kegs, as well as attractive pine and redwood boxes are interest-compelling containers for dates and confections made from dates. His aptitude as a creator in this field recently earned for him recognition in a national packaging magazine.

One of the secrets of his success (and he is not backward about letting you in on it) is the way newspaper men rush into type with favorable comment on the Valerie Jean shop or its merchandise. The late Harry Carr of the Los Angeles Times started the date milk shake on its road to fame. Phil Townsend Hanna, editor of Westways, is a great booster. Ed Ainsworth, roving Times reporter, recently added his contribution. A columnist on the Salt Lake City Deseret News offered a reward to the reader who could adequately describe the delights of imbibing a date milk shake.

Evidence that the Nicoll personality is the strongest factor in date salesmanship may be seen in a recent experiment. Nicoll undertook to establish a chain of date shops. But he could not be everywhere at once and had to hire clerks to take care of new outlets. The expansion was a dismal failure. The Nicoll salesmanship was missing.

Roadside stands like the highways of the country. But few—very few—have an individuality which makes them memorable in a pleasant, relevant way. Russ Nicoll and his charming wife, like other successful operators, have brought the methods of modern salesmanship to their isolated spot and blended them with the character of the background. Here there is no use of that shocking contrast between unspoiled beauty of the desert and the insistent flamboyancy of a circus wagon. Here is western hospitality, an Old World desert oasis in the modern manner.



Glen Dawson on one of the difficult faces of Sentinel peak in Zion National Park. Dawson and his party made the first ascent of this peak. Note the safety rope looped through carabiner which is attached to a piton driven in a crack in the rock. The patch on the climber's trousers is for protection on the rope down.

They Climbed the Great White Throne

AS far as is known, the first ascent to the top of Zion National Park's famed natural monument, the Great White Throne, was made in 1927 by W. H. W. Evans of Pasadena, California.

Evans' solitary journey was an epic adventure, but it was a feat which no code of mountaineering could justify. He remained overnight on the little plateau at the top and carved his initials on one of the red pinnacles which crown the summit.

On the descent he lost his footing, slid several hundred feet down a steep exposed incline, and lay unconscious 65 hours in a thicket before he was rescued by park rangers. Although seriously injured Evans was taken out on horseback and recovered from the accident.

Donald Orcutt, an ambitious young climber also from Pasadena is believed to have reached the summit of the Great White Throne in 1931, but a month later while undertaking another hazardous ascent on a nearby peak he fell and was killed.

So much tragedy has attended the climbing of the sandstone rock faces in Zion Park that the authorities in charge of the national reserve have looked with great disfavor on any further efforts to scale the hazardous walls.

It remained for five members of the Sierra Club of California to prove that some of the difficult ascents in the Zion area can be made by skilled climbers with proper equipment.

Last October Glen Dawson and a quartet of experts not only made a successful ascent of the Great White Throne, but with rope and piton also scaled the heretofore unclimbed East Temple.

Accompanying Dawson were Dick Jones, Wayland Gilbert, Homer Fuller and Joe Momyer. Dawson's story of the successful trip to the top starts on the next page.

By GLEN DAWSON

JUST at dawn of an October morning in 1937 five of us started up Hidden canyon equipped for an attempt on the Great White Throne. We walked up the East Rim trail and then branched off onto a footpath which leads into Hidden canyon just above a great dry waterfall that drops off into Zion canyon.

This was not my only attempt to reach the summit of the colorful sandstone massif which is so well known to all visitors at the Zion National Park.

On another occasion Bob Brinton, Bill Rice and I made an unsuccessful assault on the Throne. On a warm June day we made our way up the trail to the Grotto, a red overhanging wall at the base of which Zion Park's water supply splashes out of the rocks in a little paradise of ferns and flowers.

From that point we encountered difficult climbing. We found pieces of an old ladder used 10 years before in the search for the missing climber, Evans. Roped together for security, and with all the technical skill we knew, we made our way one at a time across the exposed face of a huge flake which was partially detached from the main cliff. Then we squeezed up a narrow vertical gully, known to climbers as a chimney, and thus surmounted our first serious difficulty.

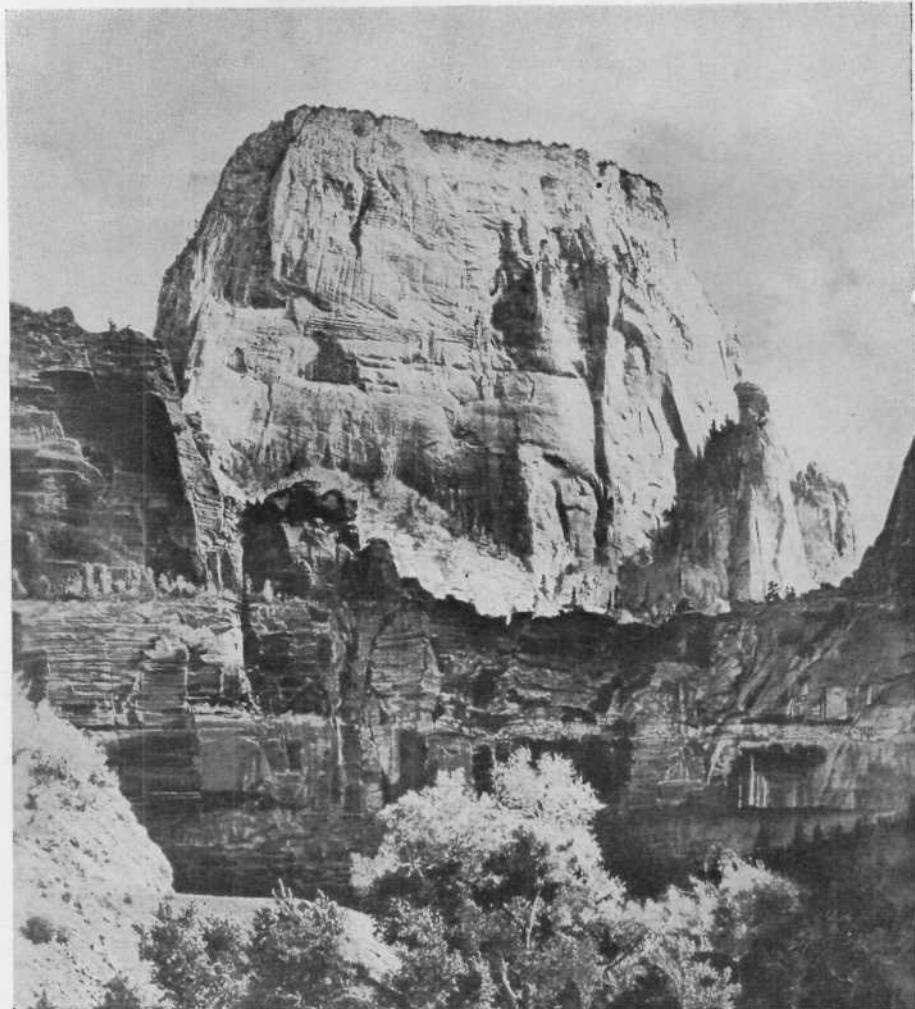
It became apparent however, that the chances of success that day along the route we were following were remote, and rather than take foolhardy risks we decided to abandon the effort at that time. We marveled at the thought of Evans, 10 years earlier, making his way alone through such difficult and dangerous climbing.

The lower part of the White Throne massif is of red sandstone of the Chinle formation. The upper elevations are composed of the soft friable white Navajo sandstone. Both types of rock are treacherous. Without warning they may break off in huge chunks or even crumble in one's hand. Dislodged rocks tumbling down the face of the wall often break into sand before going a hundred feet. Extreme care is necessary in working on such material.

New Start Is Made

With experience gained on numerous trips to Yosemite, and Tahquitz rock near Idyllwild we were starting this October morning on another determined effort to reach the top of the Great White Throne.

Leaving the footpath, we followed the damp floor of Hidden canyon, sheer walls rising many hundreds of feet on both sides of us. The canyon narrowed and became more precipitous as we gained elevation. At irregular intervals we had to make our way up through narrow chim-



The Great White Throne towers 2500 feet above the canyon floor of Zion National Park. Due to the tragedies which have resulted from past efforts to scale this and other walls in Zion Park the authorities discourage all such efforts.

neys with "chock stones" at the top. These are boulders wedged in between the rock walls, and are often difficult to surmount. It was slow going with a party of five.

Eventually this route brought us to a "sky island" plateau, with the almost vertical walls of the Throne towering above. It was not a promising outlook.

It was well along in the afternoon before we reached the base of the final 1000-foot cliff that lay between us and the summit. Momyer remained at this point while the rest of us continued our way to the top. We had been using our rope almost continuously. The stratifications of the rock formed narrow ledges and steps for footing, and an occasional tree served as an anchorage for the rope.

Old fashioned "grip" climbing would not do on the Great Throne. Either there were no holds or else the holds were too treacherous to be used. One's weight must be lifted by the feet and legs, using the modern "balance" method. Arms and hands were of no help. A good sense of balance is essential in this type of climbing. The body must be kept erect and the climber must avoid the natural

tendency to hug the wall. A rhythmic flowing motion is most effective, and with this technique it is possible to gain some help from holds which are not secure enough to bear the full weight of the climber.

Pitons, which are a special type of iron spike driven into cracks in the rocks for anchoring the climber where progress is hazardous, are of little value on the Great White Throne due to the softness of the sandstone and we did not use them.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when we scaled the last face and walked on the security of level ground—the top of the Great White Throne. The plateau at the summit is shaped like an inverted saucer—a lovely park of perhaps 60 acres. Pines and junipers cover much of the area and at the highest point is a group of flat-topped pinnacles. On one of these we left a tin can containing our names, not far from the point where Evans had carved his initials on that ill-fated trip to the summit in 1927.

From the depths of the little forest at the summit no rock cliffs are visible and

Continued on page 20



Upper left—
Santa Clara
Pueblo boy.

Lower left—
Navajo Yei-Ba-
Chai dancers.

Upper center—
Zia Mule dance.

Lower center—
Kiowa dancers.



At Gallup . . . Three

Gallup, New Mexico, "the Indian capital," will present August 24, 25 and 26 its 17th annual Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonial. From more than 30 tribes Indians will assemble then at the "Place-by-the-Bridge," their camps and camp fires circling the town during the three days of dances, games, races, sports, magic. Indian arts and crafts from ten states will be displayed in the exhibit hall at the ceremonial grounds. Prizes are offered for Navajo weavings, Hopi wedding robes, sacred Zuni sashes, pottery and basketry, bead work, paintings and drawings, and also products from modern Indian schools.

Gallup is the hub from which paved highways, less traveled roads and a thousand trails radiate to Indian country. Tribesmen by the thousands will journey to this traditional meeting place of the red man for the ceremonial the last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in August;





Upper right—
Navajo girls.

Lower right—
Wayne Wolf
Robe and Blue-
water, Acoma
Pueblo.

Photos on this
page by Frasher's,
Pomona, Calif.
except Mule
Dance. Picture
by Mullarky,
Gallup, N. M.

Days of Primitive Fiesta

sturdy Navajo horsemen from their 16,000,000-acre semi-desert reservation; peaceful Hopi from the seven villages of three high mesas; Apaches, the San Carlos, Jicarilla, Mescalero; pueblo people from Taos to Zuñi; Utes from Colorado and Utah; the Kiowa, Pawnee, Comanche, and Kaw from Oklahoma; from South Dakota the Sioux. Tribes from California and Nevada will be represented.

The ceremonial reaches its climax at night. Before a blazing campfire of piñon and cedar the Navajo chant their mountain songs; medicine men demonstrate their magic; leaping figures in a maze of dances sway and stomp to the beat of the tom-tom, rattle and gourds.

Directing the intricate details of this unique Indian fiesta is M. L. Woodard, a slender young man endowed with an uncanny understanding of the American Indian.



THEY CLIMBED THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

Continued from page 17

in the quiet seclusion of our little park it was hard to realize we really were on the summit of the Great White Throne with a sheer drop of many hundreds of feet on every side of us.

Thickets of manzanita and other chaparral alternate with trees and open spaces. The top is dry since the sandstone does not hold moisture.

It was growing late. Reluctantly we took the down trail—the "trail" in this case being a 200-foot rope belayed around a sturdy tree. By doubling the rope and using it as a sling we could drop as far as 100 feet, then pull the rope through and take the next pitch from a new belay.

Thus we were able to descend swiftly and with safety down the rock face on which Evans had slipped and crashed to the floor of the little valley below.

Bivouac in Lost Valley

It was dark when we reached the little "lost" valley and as there were trees we decided to bivouac for the night. A fire kept us reasonably warm and the elation of a successful trip compensated for any discomfort due to shortage of food and bedding. The moon lighted the white cliffs above us making a picture that seemed to belong to some strange unnatural world.

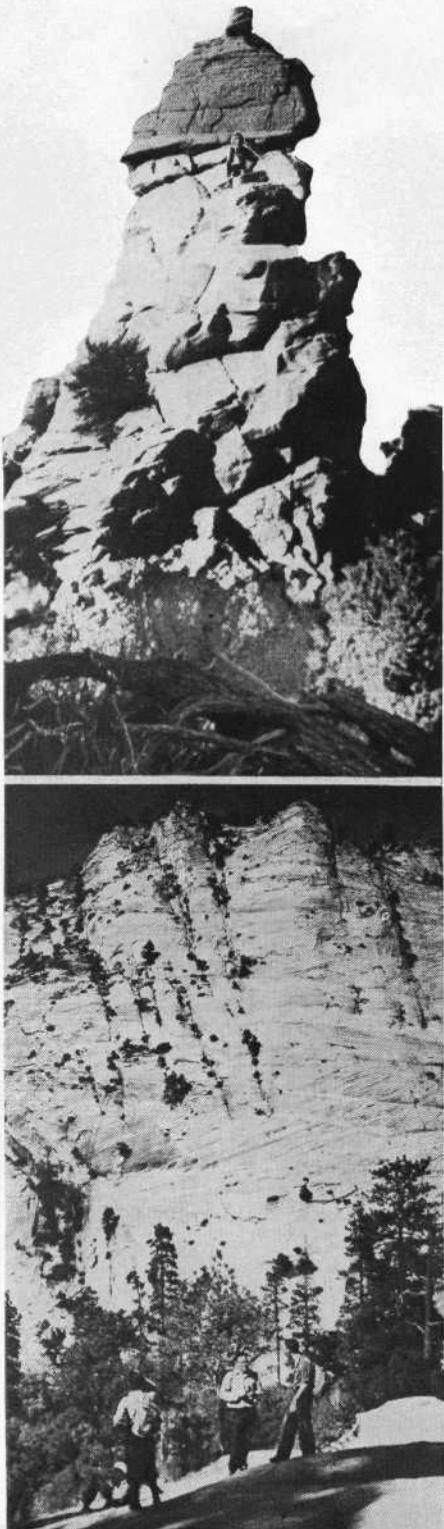
Early the next morning we roped down over the chock stones of Hidden canyon to the comparative luxury of our base camp, to eat, sleep and try to get rid of the fine sand which penetrated all our clothes and belongings.

Since that memorable ascent Sierra Club parties have made a first ascent of the hitherto unclimbed Sentinel peak and have traversed the waters of the Narrows of the Virgin river. There are, however, many other peaks which will remain unclimbed for many years to come.

The sheer walls which make Zion so attractive scenically also make the peaks difficult in the extreme.

In conclusion a word of caution: No one should attempt climbing in Zion National Park (other than the delightful ascents of Lady Mountain and Angel's Landing) without considerable experience in correct rope technique which requires a party of two or three experts. In all cases, Park rangers should be notified both before and after undertaking the climb.

Notwithstanding the difficulties of ascent, the Great White Throne holds for all—climbers and the less venturesome park visitors alike—a majestic splendor which arouses reverent admiration.



Upper picture—Pinnacle on the summit of the Great White Throne on which W. H. W. Evans carved his initials on the first ascent in 1927. One of the climbers in the Dawson party is seen just below where the initials appear.

Lower picture—Sierra club climbers study the route which eventually led them to the top of the White Throne massif.

PRIZES TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

On the desert lowlands the thermometer has passed the 100-degree mark many times during the past month—but apparently hot weather is no obstacle to the camera enthusiasts. Many fine amateur photographs have been sent to the Desert Magazine office since summer arrived, some of them taken within the past month.

Since interest remains at such a high point the monthly contests will be continued through the summer. The award is \$5.00 for first place and \$3.00 for second place. The competition is open to all amateurs regardless of residence. However, it is necessary that the pictures be taken on the desert. The subjects may include close-ups of plant and animal life, landscapes, rock formations, unusual personal pictures, and in fact anything on the desert.

Following are the rules governing the contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the August contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by August 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 2½x3¼ or larger.

5—Pictures will be returned only when postage is enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the August contest will be announced and the pictures published in the October number of the magazine.

Address all entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR,
DESERT MAGAZINE,
El Centro, California.



Eagle Nest Lake

New Mexico

Waters of turquoise
Gleaming so bright in the sunshine,
Mirroring mountains
Evergreen, stately and tall;
Home of the Eagle
Whose eyrie is high on the cloudrift
High above men,
Who forever are chained and in thrall.

SUNSET

By THELMA IRELAND
MCGILL, NEVADA

What a mass of brilliant color—
'Tis the glorious death of day,
Leaving in a flame of glory—
Would that I could go that way.

THE MIRAGE

By AUDREY STRATTON
MECCA, CALIFORNIA

Before me over desert dunes
Out-dazzling the vibrant waves
Marched, or danced, in gay parade,
Hordes of people from history's tombs.

Saladin rode to the beat of drums,
His mount the color of richest cream.
His palanquin followed in fine array
Of silks and jewel-set pendulums.

A sovereign came from his musty tomb
In glory again upon his throne;
Wavered awhile in the golden mist,
Faded, and then he too was gone.

Then came a pageant of shimmering hues;
Dancing girls, dervishes, Arabs and Jews,
Tall handsome Persians and wise Egypt's men
Brought into history by some ancient pen.

Legends were acted and stories were told;
Some of them new, but most of them old.
Deeds that were long dead, days that were
past,
Centuries of beauty, in a moment had massed.
The wondrous glory of this mystic barrage
Caught in the cadences of a mirage.

By ANNA B. STEVENSON
LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

Eagle Nest wild,
Thy mirroring lake meets the mountain,
Emerald heights
Smiling circle thy darkling blue waves;
Cloud-shadows race
On thy waters in rarest enchantment,
Wild flowers fair
Fringe thy shores where the free wild bird
lives.

DESERT MOTHER

By DORIS I. BATEMAN
REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

My arms reach out to touch the barren hills,
Seeking a cradle for my hungered soul;
Yet I am part of them—their nestling stills
My sobbing hurt, and makes me strangely
whole.

Upon their sun-warmed shoulders I may curl,
Knowing that from their strength, I too, grow
strong;
And when the star-flung blanket shall unfurl,
My breathing shall be measured, deep—and
long.

WINGS OF THUNDER

By IRMA P. FORSYTHE
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Hanging high above the mountains,
Mountains crouched like ghosts at night,
Storm clouds form a giant vulture
Poised for momentary flight.

Eagle-eyed he scans the desert,
Swoops down on his helpless prey,
Sends a harbinger of rain to
Speed along the fading day.

Thunder rolls down through the washes
With the swish of many wings
While the wind like cryptic monster
Through the tree tops moans and sings.

Then the sun, with blazing anger
Draws a gleaming swordlike dart,
Throws it with a death-born vigor
Straight into the great bird's heart.

DESERT ENCHANTMENT

By EMILY BEACH HOGAN
LEMON GROVE, CALIFORNIA

O Desert, they say you are drear and bleak,
That death lurks grim in the murderous
beat
Of the merciless sun on your cruel sand;
That the Father of Rain disowned this land,
And Mother Fertility knew you not,
O desolate one, whom God forgot.
But from never a life, from never a place,
Does the great Creator turn His face;
If they looked at your heart and understood,
They would cry, "Behold! the desert is
good!"
When sunset dies and the shadowy blue
Of the etching mountains fades from view,
And starlit, evening coolness sifts
Over the crests of your lonely drifts;
And the moon in the high-domed heaven spills
A snow-white sheen on your sandy hills;
Then your heart is revealed in the stillness,
deep
As the vast unknown the ages seek;
And your silence holds more than the mad
world gives,
With its towered towns where cowed man
lives;
Till something has happened, I know not why,
A something, part of the sand and sky,
Has caught me and held me here on the dune,
With the red ocotillo and the gold-red
moon.

JUST TENDERFEET

By MARY E. PERDEW
SANTA ANA, CALIF.

An Indian leaned against the door,
Of Needles' first department store,
His feet were huge and brown and bare,
Done up in mud, his straight black hair.
His drooping pants, and shirt much torn,
Clothed scantily his massive form.
Two tourist ladies hovered near,
In search of sights and thrills, 'twas clear.
"I want to speak to that big man,"
Said one girl gayly to her friend.
"Oh don't; he's just an Indian,
He won't know what you say to him."
"Yes, yes, I must. 'Twill be such fun.
If he seems cross, we'll turn and run."
"Say Mister Indian, Oh say!
Please tell me what's the time of day,
You know, what time, the clock, tick, tick!
I want to know right now, be quick."
The Indian slowly took a watch
From out the pocket of his pants,
And on it he bestowed a glance,
"Madam, it's almost half past four,
Although it might perhaps be more,
My watch may be a little slow."
The tourists opened wide their eyes,
In deep and genuine surprise:
And then no single word they said,
They simply turned, and swiftly fled.
While those who watched the scene near by,
Laughed long and loud to see them fly.

WESTERN NATURE STUDY

By M. NOURSE
CORTARO, ARIZONA

Wise as a serpent is all very well.
I know a secret, and I'm going to tell:
Old Rattlesnake is a regular dummy;
Can't tell sore throat from a pain in his
tummy.

Here's a Death valley story almost fantastic enough to have come from the lips of that lovable old liar, Hard Rock Shorty. But Shorty did not invent this yarn. It is a true experience from the notebook of Laurence M. Huey, curator of birds and mammals at the Museum of Natural History in San Diego.

By LAURENCE M. HUEY

*Y*EARS ago, I spent the greater part of one spring collecting natural history specimens in Death valley, California. This was before good roads and hotels had opened this region to tourists.

It was a desolate and lonely area. The salt impregnated floor of the valley lies far below sea level and is absolutely sterile. The only place occupied by humans at that time was a farm then known as Furnace Creek ranch. It was owned and occupied by the Pacific Coast Borax company and was used to raise beef and vegetables for miners who worked in the borax mines in the eastern hills near Ryan.

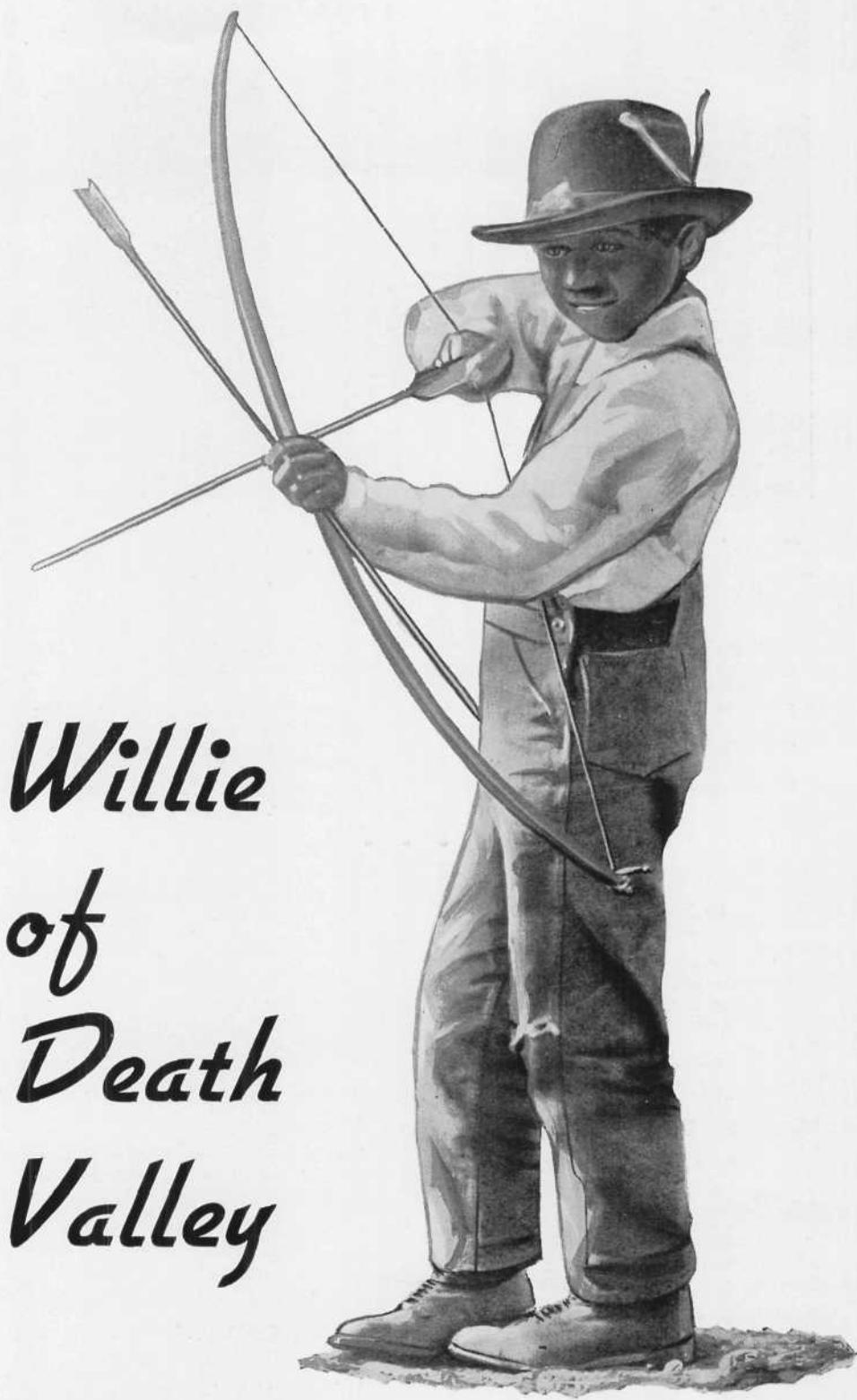
An open ditch brought water from several large springs in the hills above the ranch to irrigate the fields. Along this water course several Indian families, of Shoshone origin I believe, were camped for the winter. They pitched ragged tents and supplemented these with brush wick-ups.

In one of these Indian families was an 8-year-old boy whom the whites had given the name of Willie. I first met Willie when he came with his father to watch me prepare bird specimens. They both sat on their heels just within the shadow of the awning under which I was working.

I tried to converse with them, but only the father would talk and his answers to my questions were short. He volunteered no information. I was impressed with the alertness of the little fellow. His bright eyes took in everything. Occasionally he would point to the specimens and speak to his father in a hoarse whisper, all the time watching me to see if I understood what he was saying. The only word he said directly to me that afternoon was "thanks" for a large piece of sugar candy.

A few days later I saw Willie leave his camp with a bow and some arrows. He was heading for the mesquites which grew in the drainage area below the fields.

An hour or two later he returned with three or four birds each skewered by a wooden pointed arrow. I called to him so I could examine his kill and was surprised to find that he had shot an Eastern



Willie of Death Valley

Flicker, a record bird for Death valley. I offered him a dime for the specimen. He accepted without a word of response, but his eyes showed plainly that the bargain was a good one from his viewpoint.

During the time I remained in the vicinity of Furnace Creek ranch I bought several good specimens from Willie, all of them killed with his bow and arrows.

His hunting skill, however, was not limited to the bow and arrow. He had a decrepit single shot .22 rifle. It really was an antique. I never understood how

Willie posed for this picture after much coaxing and the proffer of two large pieces of sugar candy.

he made the thing work, but Willie knew how.

Early one morning he passed my camp with the old weapon in his hand.

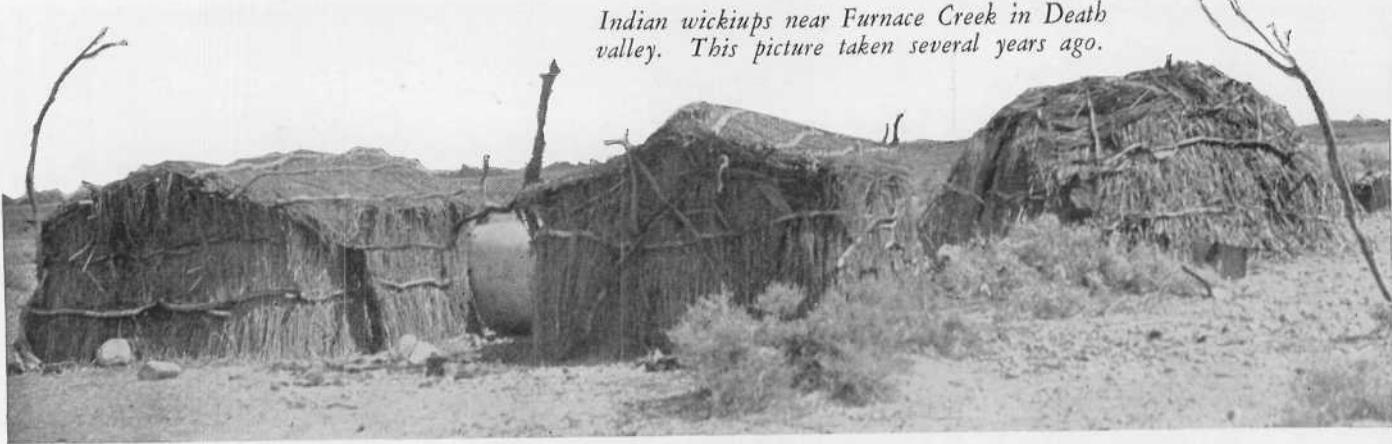
"Going hunting?" I asked.

He replied with a nod of his head.

"Let's see your gun."

He handed me the rattle-trap rifle, and I took it gingerly.

Indian wickiups near Furnace Creek in Death valley. This picture taken several years ago.



"Got some shells?" I asked.

He opened his tightly clenched left hand, revealing a single .22 short cartridge in his palm.

"That the only one you have?" I queried.

"Yup!" was the terse answer.

I handed back the gun and he went his way.

Several hours later, I saw Willie returning. He had two green-winged teal ducks. I called to him.

"Let's see your game, Willie."

He handed me the birds without saying a word. One of them was shot squarely through the head and the other through the neck.

"How many times you shoot?" I asked.

His eyes gleamed with pride and he held up one finger.

"Only once?" I asked in surprise.

He nodded.

"How did you do it?" I questioned him.

With deliberate movements he laid down the gun and with one finger pointed to his eyes. "Me watch 'em—long time." Then with the index finger raised on each hand he spread his arms wide and began drawing his hands toward each other, simulating two ducks swimming in the water. When the two fingers were in line with his squinted eye (a posture he had assumed to indicate the firing of the gun) he clicked his tongue with a snap.

And that was how he had killed two ducks with a single .22 cartridge, in a region where it is a novelty even to see two ducks on a body of water. As a marksman Willie rates high, but as a pantomime actor I never expect to see his equal.

* * *

DESERT RETREAT — Reader offers small cabin at 3000 foot elevation on Mojave desert, rent-free to party who can use it. Small advertising fee. Address Box PC, Desert Magazine.

RULES BEING DRAFTED FOR "FIVE ACRE TRACT" SALES

City dwellers who are looking forward to the opportunity of securing a five-acre cabinsite on Uncle Sam's domain under the Izac bill adopted by the last congress will have to wait a few weeks longer before the terms of the public land sales will be made known.

The only information available at this time regarding the disposal of land under the new act is the following memorandum issued by the department of interior:

"Although drafting of regulations is already under way, field investigations during the late summer months will be necessary before definite steps can be taken toward administration of the Five Acre Tract law, passed by the last Congress. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes today was advised by Commissioner Fred W. Johnson, of the General Land Office,

"This law authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to sell or lease five-acre tracts of public land for homesite, cabin, convalescent, recreational, or business purposes.

"Despite the prospects for unavoidable delay, nearly 100 requests for allotment of land have been received since approval of the statute by President Roosevelt, with correspondence concerning the plan increasing daily. No consideration can be given to applications before official announcement of a date upon which requests will be formally received, and preferential status will not be given applications received in advance of that date.

"While drafting of the regulations governing disposition of the tracts will be carried forward with all possible speed, it was explained today that applications for sale or lease of the small areas of the public domain cannot be given consideration until this preliminary work has been completed.

"Scope of the task confronting the General Land Office under the provisions of the Five Acre Tract law is revealed in the tentative program now under consideration.

"Involving many millions of acres of territory in the public land States, located chiefly in the West and Southwest, first problem in the formidable undertaking will be the survey and classification of the areas to determine which portions are suitable for disposition under the five acre tract plan.

"Questions of economies, such as the effect of the allocation of small tract settlements upon business and real estate conditions in adjacent communities, requirements for protection and sanitation, and other angles of the situation must be

studied before plans for disposal of the lands can be completed.

"It is expected that representatives of the General Land Office will confer within the near future with officials and other groups in local communities interested in the provisions of the Five Acre Tract law."



MISTER MANGEL Keeps Her Cool

She began thinking about air conditioning her home 'way last spring. But she didn't know where to begin. Did she need ducts or individual units, how much would it cost, would power bill go up, etc.?

John Mangel, a Nev-Cal air conditioning engineer, was called in. He studied the home — drew up plans — gave estimates on various jobs — got bids — told exactly how a little insulating would save machinery and power costs.

Prices are low now. It isn't too late to install air conditioning this summer or too early to plan for next summer. Mr. Mangel is ready to give you the facts — without charge or obligation.

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Electric Corporation**



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Santa Fe

Here and There

. . . ON THE DESERT

ARIZONA

Tucson . . .

A leaf-nosed rattlesnake, rare reptile, has been added to the San Diego museum's collection by Curator L. M. Klauber. Habitat of Klauber's prize is believed to be almost entirely limited to southern Arizona. This specimen, taken in the vicinity of Tucson, is one of few in captivity, says Dr. C. T. Vorhies, head of the department of entomology and economic zoology at the University of Arizona.

Yuma . . .

Eighty-seven-year-old Andrew Jenson, assistant historian of the Church of Latter Day Saints, has followed the famous Mormon Battalion's trail from Iowa to California, "longest continuous infantry march in history." From Council Bluffs to San Diego, Jenson gathered data about the 500 men enlisted during the Mexican war for hostilities in which they never fired a shot. They are said to have planted the first American flag ever raised over the city of Tucson. Jenson material will be used for a church record of the march.

Tucson . . .

School teacher shortage in Arizona is reported by Dr. Austin Repp of the state university. Greatest demand is for primary, music and home economics departments, with increase of 25 per cent in teacher positions in high schools since 1930. It will be necessary to go out of the state to fill existing vacancies, Repp says. Many positions are still open.

Phoenix . . .

First peaceful meeting in 15 years was held by delegates from seven Colorado river basin states at Phoenix late in June. Arizona, holdout on the river compact signed by the other six states at Santa Fe, now lines up with sister commonwealths to speed development of the basin. To plan a program the conference named Judge Clifford H. Stone, Colorado; A. T. Hannet, former governor of New Mexico; J. A. Mulcahy, Tucson; Alfred M. Smith, Nevada state engineer; Evan T. Hewes, El Centro, Colorado river commissioner for California; Harry W. Jenkins, Cora, Wyoming; William R. Wallace, Salt Lake City, Utah. Another meeting will be held before September 1.

Wickenburg . . .

Development of a \$2,000,000 irrigation project on 18,000 acres south of here is predicted by Engineer W. C. Lefebvre, who says the plan has been approved by PWA examiners and endorsed by Secretary Ickes of the department of the interior.

Phoenix . . .

Celebration in 1939 of the 400th anniversary of Fray Marcos de Niza's expedition into Arizona will be the greatest project of its kind ever carried out in the state, declares Major M. A. Strange, spokesman for the sponsoring Dons club. Programs of publicity are planned to draw to Arizona its share of what Major Strange calls the five-billion-dollar tourist crop to be harvested next year. He believes San Francisco's \$3,400,000 spending for its World's Fair will set a new high mark for tourists aiming at the West coast and wants these visitors to see Arizona.

Kingman . . .

Traffic to Boulder dam area from the Arizona side hit a new high in June. In one week 5,753 persons in 1,826 cars were checked at the eastern approach. Total from Arizona and Nevada checking stations for the dam area in a single June week was 14,082 persons in 4,552 cars, representing every state in the union, three territories and two foreign countries.

CALIFORNIA

Needles . . .

"Lake Needles" will be the name of the 55-mile reservoir in the Colorado river backed up by Parker dam, according to a telegram received by the Needles Nugget from Congressman Harry Sheppard, who says John C. Page, commissioner of reclamation has promised to recommend this official designation. Water is now being stored in the lake which will eventually extend from the dam to a point 6 miles below the city of Needles, and will impound the supply for 13 cities of the Metropolitan water district in Southern California. From it a billion gallons of water will be pumped daily into the metropolitan aqueduct.

Palmdale . . .

Bounty of \$1.00 each has been paid for 650 coyotes slain in Los Angeles county since a campaign against these predators was launched in November 1937, according to Game Warden Spence D. Turner. Losses to poultrymen and livestock owners have been reduced by the war on coyotes, the warden says.

Brawley . . .

In the state game preserve between Brawley and Calipatria and Wiest lake the division of fish and game has planted 20,000 perch. About 10,000 8-inch bass have been planted in the Palo Verde slough south of Blythe. There will be no open season in Imperial county for these fish before 1939.

Indio . . .

Riverside supervisors have instructed County Surveyor A. C. Fulmor to survey a 25-mile road and to take steps to get rights of way for a highway which will connect Niland in Imperial county with Hopkins well near Blythe. This is the "missing link" in the Four-State International Highway from Canada to Mexico. Hopkins Well is on U. S. Highway 60.

El Centro . . .

Allotments to western reclamation projects by the Public Works administration include:

To the All-American canal, for construction of the Coachella branch, \$1,000,000.

To the Gila project in Arizona, which will draw its water supply from the lake impounded by Imperial dam, \$2,000,000, for building a power line from Parker dam to the Gila pumping plant and for pumping plant construction.

To the Salt River project in Arizona, \$565,000 to complete Bartlett dam on the Verde river.

Last uncontracted work on the All-American canal has been awarded, power drop No. 1 and the Coachella turnout, and a series of 46 structures along a 25-mile stretch of the main and the New Briar canal.

Mojave . . .

After preying on bands of sheep in the Mojave desert a brown bear was caught by Laurence Duntley, ten miles southeast of here. Duntley lassoed the bear but the rope broke and he was forced to shoot the animal which weighed about 150 pounds. Bears very rarely are found on the desert.

Blythe . . .

Palo Verde irrigation district has launched a movement to irrigate mesa lands adjacent to its present cultivated area along the Colorado river. Mesa land owners are being listed and a committee will negotiate at Washington for development funds. On the first mesa it is said 16,000 acres hold Class A water rights. Ed. F. Williams is in charge of collecting data.

Independence . . .

Appeal has been made to the department of the interior to save from extinction wild burros which roam Death Valley. District Attorney George Francis of Inyo county told department officials in Washington that burros running wild in the Panamints are being slaughtered for chicken food when they go to the waterholes.

NEVADA

Las Vegas . . .

Marooned on a desert island by the rising waters of Lake Mead, a giant mountain sheep was found recently by four Overton boys during a four-day boat trip above Boulder dam. The young explorers report they visited an island about two miles square, the top of a mountain now partially submerged in the lake. In addition to the stranded sheep they found large Gila monsters and killed a rattlesnake which had 12 rattles. The sheep may be captured, transported to the mainland and released, following a report to forest rangers of the big horn's plight.

Charleston . . .

Eighteen baby antelope are being bottle-fed here. Twenty cans of milk, mixed with a little water, are their daily ration. Forest service officials hope to wean the timid youngsters in about four weeks. Then the hand-feeding will be discontinued. The babies will be released in the Charleston mountains as soon as they are big enough to fend for themselves. They were transported in trucks from Vya, in the northern part of the state.

St. Thomas . . .

On June 11 Postmaster Rox Whitmore rose early and worked late, cancelling more than 4,000 letters from philatelists all over the United States, thus giving them a St. Thomas postmark on the final day of the life of a postoffice in a "buried city." Then Whitmore moved out, the postoffice building was torn down by workmen who waded in the rising waters of Boulder lake. Hugh Lord, garageman, was last of the community's residents to quit the historic Mormon settlement. He had planned to spend Saturday night there. But the water rose too fast, lapping around his bed. Lord set fire to his dwelling, climbed into a rowboat and departed. Now the town is completely submerged.

Carson City . . .

Work was scheduled to be well under way in July on construction of 20 miles of the Las Vegas-Searchlight highway, following opening of bids which disclosed J. A. Casson of Hayward, California, submitted lowest offer, \$73,350. In addition to building and surfacing 20 miles of new road, surfacing of 8 miles constructed in 1937 will be completed.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque . . .

Rain and hail in June broke a spring drought in New Mexico. Heavy downpour was reported in the northern section of the state, the Pecos rising to a flood peak of 13 feet. Alamogordo creek ran full and the Canadian was high. Hailstones, three inches in circumference are reported to have killed many young cattle and sheep in the Monument district, southwest of Hobbs. Piles of ice were left in arroyos, in a storm described by veteran ranchers as "worst in this section's history."

Santa Fe . . .

New Mexico magazine, monthly publication of the state, celebrated its 15th anniversary with the issuance of the July number. Editor of the magazine is George Fitzpatrick.

Las Cruces . . .

To meet the requirements of increasing enrollment, the regents of the New Mexico State College here have filed with the PWA an application for \$597,000 to be spent for five new buildings.

Fort Defiance . . .

Many old medicine men of the tribe were present here June 20 when a new half million dollar hospital for the Navajo Indians was dedicated. A staff of 115 persons will be on duty at the hospital and health center to serve the 45,000 Navajos on the 16,000,000-acre reservation. Dr. W. W. Peters is medical director of the Navajo and Hopi reservations.

UTAH

Cedar City . . .

Nearly 500 Lions and Lionesses attended the annual convention of Utah and Idaho Lions' clubs here. John C. Kidneigh of Salt Lake City, Salvation Army adjutant, was elected district governor of Utah Lions and Vernal was selected as 1939 joint convention city. Rulon Dunn of Preston was elected president of the Idaho Lions.

Vernal . . .

For the purpose of promoting tourist travel through the Uintah basin a U. S. 40 Highway Club was formed here recently with Thos. Karren as president and Elwood A. Gee, secretary. Funds are being raised to keep two full-time representatives at strategic points on the highway to route motorists this way.

Salt Lake City . . .

Water level in Great Salt Lake has raised nearly three feet in the past three years according to A. B. Purton of the U. S. Geological Survey. During the 10 years preceding 1935 the lake dropped steadily and the salt content increased to 28 percent. Rising waters since that time have lowered the salt content to 24 percent. Purton believes that the lake may continue to gain and eventually reach the high mark of many years ago.

Duchesne . . .

Preliminary drawings have been received by Engineers W. F. Gentry of the U. S. Reclamation bureau for the construction of a diversion dam across the Duchesne river. The structure will not be started until high waters have subsided, probably in September.

**7000 Indians
of 34 TRIBES**

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Indian Ceremonial

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More Real Indians can be seen in authentic dances, rites, sports, games and handicrafts during three days at the Gallup Ceremonial than at any other time or place.

Ample Accommodations. Gallup has built two new Hotels and two new Auto Courts — 210 new rooms — since last August.

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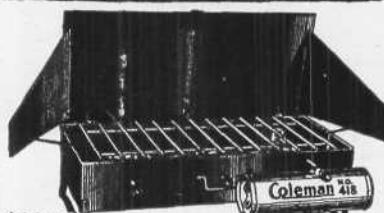
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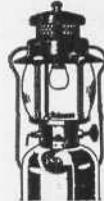
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TEN STORES
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Meet Frank Beckwith-- the Desert's No. 1 Liar



Yuma, Death Valley and Needles, traditional claimants of the highest temperatures in the United States will now have to bow down before a new champion—no other than the little town of Delta on the edge of the Sevier desert in Utah.

Delta's sudden rise to fame as the heat capital of the Great American desert is due to two circumstances:

First—The inauguration of a monthly Hot Air derby sponsored by the Desert Magazine.

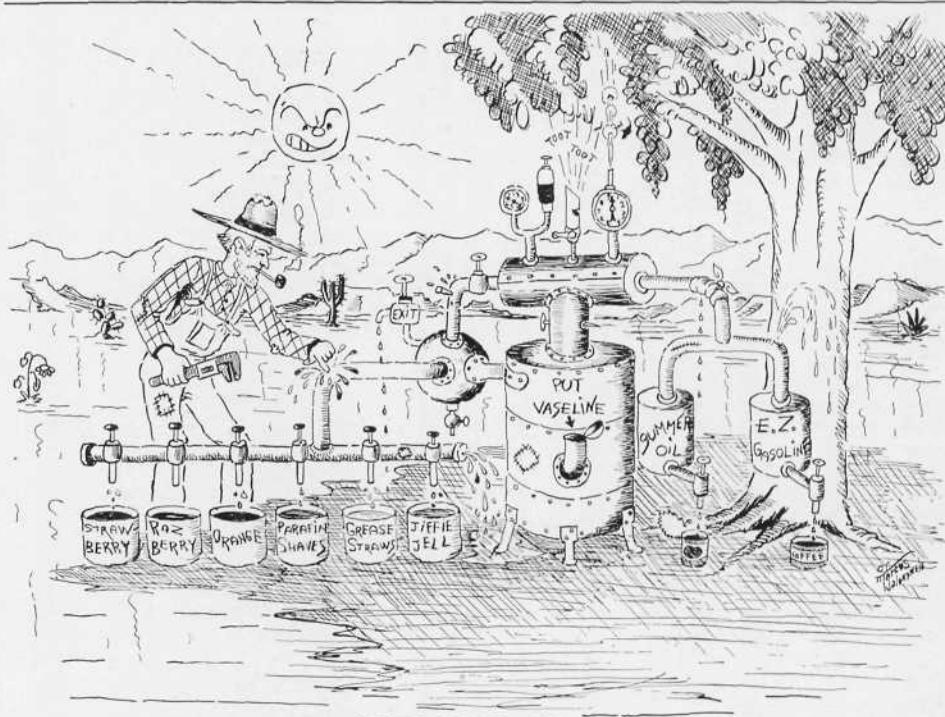
Second—to the fact that Editor Frank Beckwith of the Delta Chronicle is the most eloquent liar the desert has produced this year—at least, up to this date.

On June 30, the dead-line for the first heat in the Hot Air Contest of 1938—the judges announced that the prize for the No. 1 hot air story of the month had been awarded to Beckwith.

This is only a temporary victory, however, as the contest will be continued through July and August. Other desert towns which may be jealous of the honors accorded Delta, Utah, will have an opportunity to regain their lost prestige.

Another contest is in progress—to be judged July 30. The field is open and the sky is the limit. The Desert Magazine will pay \$5.00 award to the July winner.

And now, here's the tall tale for June:



HELLZ BELLS, BUT IT'S HOT!

Ebeneezer Brown whose farm is located out in the Abraham district on the Sevier desert in Millard county, Utah has announced he will start extracting gasoline and oil from greasewood by a special distilling process he has invented.

The Brown place is located on the edge of the virgin desert and when Ebeneezer let his bees out in the spring they browsed on the greasewood and came back and filled the hives up with vaseline.

This gave Eb an idea.

So he built a home-made contrap-

tion in the shade of the one tree that grows on his place. Then he brought the vaseline from the beehives and put it in the main vat. It was so golden hot day and night the grease-wood vaseline began to vaporize and run off into two tubs, one to catch No. 30 summer oil and the other for hi-octane E Z Start gasoline.

As a by-product of the vaporizing process, six flavors of petroleum jello are produced from the residue: strawberry, raspberry, orange, paraffin shaves, grease straws and Jiffiejell for ice cream powders—all with the true aroma of the desert.

Desert Mining Briefs . . .

Moratorium Extended . . .

President Roosevelt on June 29 signed the bill extending the moratorium on mining claims assessment work. The measure was opposed by Secretary Ickes of the department of the interior. Ickes believes suspension of assessment work prevents discovery of new mineral deposits, closes down source of employment. Miners' fever, induced because only a few days remained to do the work if the President failed to sign the bill, has subsided.

Washington, D. C. . .

Creation of a federal department of mines is urged by Congressman J. C. Scrugham of Nevada. Scrugham wants the United States to maintain reserve stocks of strategic war minerals: copper, iron ore, nickel, zinc, bauxite, oil, tin, manganese, tungsten, chromite, antimony and quicksilver. Exploration of available sources in the United States is vitally important, he told the American Society of naval engineers. An estimate by the national resources board is that for two-year war this nation would need 1,000,000 tons of ferromanganese ore; 300,000 tons chromite ore; 60,000 tons of metallic tin; 10,000 tons of tungsten ore; 35,000 tons antimony; 40,000 tons nickel; 25,000 sheets mica; 25,000 flasks quicksilver.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

O. F. Heizer has been named Nevada chairman for the fifth annual metal mining convention and exposition of the American Mining congress, scheduled for October 24-27 at the Ambassador hotel, Los Angeles. Stanley A. Easton, president of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining and Concentrating company, Kellogg, Idaho, has been elected chairman of the board of governors of the Western division of the mining congress.

Phoenix, Arizona . . .

Membership in the Arizona Small Mine Operators Association is approaching 1500. Charles F. Willis, secretary of the organization, predicts 2500 members will be listed soon. At Kingman the Mohave county council of the association recently received 15 new members, now has 105 on its roll. New councils have been formed at Quartzsite, Bouse and Parker. The association is pleased with Arizona corporation commission decision denying application of railroads for increase in intrastate freight rates on copper ores and concentrates.

Tonopah, Nevada . . .

Mines of the Tonopah-Goldfield district shipped 56 carloads of ore during May, according to figures from J. E. Peck, superintendent of the Tonopah and Goldfield railroad. Goldfield produced 13 of the 50-ton carloads, 43 originated at Tonopah.

Douglas, Arizona . . .

"Other than seasonal layoff at Ajo, there are no plans at present for suspension of any of the Arizona operating properties of the Phelps Dodge corporation," announces H. M. Lavender, general manager. P-D operates copper mines at Bisbee, Ajo and Jerome, and a smelter at Douglas.

Washington, D. C. . .

Molybdenum production in the United States set a new peak in 1937, an increase of 71 percent over the 1936 record, with Arizona probably second in the list of producing states. Output reported by U. S. Bureau of Mines was 30,357 short tons of concentrates carrying 29,419,000 pounds of metallic molybdenum. About 77 per cent of this total came from Colorado. Arizona's largest producer was the Arizona Molybdenum corporation mine at Copper creek. Other producing states were Idaho, New Mexico, Utah and Washington.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

"Nevada is falling back badly in production of gold because there are no new mines and there are no new mines because there are so few prospectors in the hills," L. B. Spencer of the state prospecting schools told a Las Vegas audience. Spencer says the way to promote mining activity is to "start at the bottom" and help the prospector.

Phoenix, Arizona . . .

After devoting all of his time during 14 years to search for the legendary "mine with the iron door", C. W. McKee told friends a few days before he died in June: "The mine is near Oracle. I'm going to be a rich man." He was most persistent of the many who have hunted for gold said to have been discovered by the Spaniards in the 16th century. Since 1872 McKee was fascinated by the story. In 1924 he quit all other activities to concentrate on his efforts to locate the fabled mine.

Tucson, Arizona . . .

Although Mrs. Laura Pearson Shepley Clark affirmed her belief in the existence of millions in gold hidden by Spanish priests 300 years ago, and told the court she had spent about \$40,000 in her quest of this "treasure of Guadalupe," nevertheless she was convicted by a jury on a charge of defrauding an investor. Mrs. Clark denied testimony given by physicians, professors, business men, society women and others that she had told them she had recovered the treasure, "worth \$32,000,000" and had the money in a Tucson bank.

Tombstone, Arizona . . .

Plan to install \$100,000 pumping system at the Lucky Cuss mine is announced here by Ed Holderness, manager of the Tombstone development company. In 1935 the company took over the 100 claims of the Lucky Cuss property, located in the heart of the Tombstone district. Manager Holderness says nearly \$1,000,000 worth of ore has been mined since then in the levels above the water line. Years ago the Lucky Cuss shut down when its pumps lost the battle with rising water.

Kingman, Arizona . . .

Tom Reed Gold Mines company for the year ending March 31, 1938, reports total gross income from mining, leases and milling, \$814,665.77. Total net operating income for the period—\$40,367.48. Average assay values for preceding year \$12.37 per ton for gold and .46 cents for silver. Net value of the company property is given as \$1,655,896.34, according to the 31st annual report.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

County Recorder J. L. Germain reported that 650 claims were filed here for exemption from annual assessment work after news was received that President Roosevelt had signed the mine moratorium bill.

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DESERT PLACE NAMES

... Compiled by TRACY M. SCOTT ...

For the historical data contained in this department, the Desert Magazine is indebted to the research work done by Miss Scott; to the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names"; to Frances Rosser Brown of New Mexico and to Hugh O'Neil of Ogden, Utah.

ARIZONA

ARIZONA

Pima county Station and farming community on S. P. R. R. 26 miles east of Maricopa. Was headquarters of James Addison Reavis who claimed best part of Maricopa and Pinal counties on an alleged Spanish grant. Called himself "Baron of the Colorados." Lived here in almost royal state. Landed eventually in federal penitentiary. According to George Mauk (1931) U. S. marshal for Arizona, Mauk was first agent there in 1894. Settler from Missouri named the place in 1892, using his daughter's name Ola and Arizona to coin the word.

CAMINO DEL DIABLO

Yuma county

Sp. "road of the Devil." Desert road from Sonora to Gila river near Yuma. Hornaday says, "At the Tule Desert along the international boundary the trail becomes the famous Camino del Diablo or Devil's road. It probably derives its name from the fact that between 3,000 and 4,000 wayfarers are said to have died on it from hunger, thirst and fatigue. It is said to be the most terrible trail in all the southwestern region."

AGATHLA NEEDLE

Apache county.

Elevation 6,825 feet. On some maps marked "Peak." Father Haile says: "A Navajo word *Ag-ha-la*, meaning 'much wool.' A rock or place where deer, sheep and antelope rub themselves. In other words a scratching place for animals in the spring while they are shedding." On Navajo Indian reservation in Monument valley, east side Moonlight creek. "It is a spire rising 1125 feet above Monument valley, the most impressive of all volcanic rocks in the Navajo country." Gregory. Barnes says Father Haile's spelling is doubtless correct, although on all maps it is Agathla.

CALIFORNIA

COSO (coh'soh)

Inyo county

Mountains, hot springs, village and mine. Chalfant thinks the word is Pahute for "fire," originally "cosho"; also the Coso Indian word for "broken coal" or "firestone". Mott claims it is the word meaning bull fight arena. Coso mine founded 1860 by Darwin French and party prospecting for silver and lead.

LOS PATOS (lohs pah'tos)

Orange county

"The ducks," probably referring to flocks of wild ducks which find this a favorite resort.

MENTONE

San Bernardino county

Sp. for "chin," but place probably named after the town in the French Riviera.

BREYFOGLE

Inyo county.

Famous "lost mine" of Death Valley. In 1862 Prospector Jacob Breyfogle pursued by unfriendly Indians, came across a very rich gold ore ledge. He was finally rescued, but was never able to find the ledge again. Several mine sites now called Breyfogle.

NEVADA

ANAHO (an ah ho)

Washoe county

Island in Pyramid lake. Osage Indian word, but no meaning is found.

PAHRANAGAT (pah ran' a gat)

Lincoln county

Lakes. Indian tribal name. *pah* "water," *ranagat* "melon or vine plant." Spaniards found the Indians raising squash and small watermelons in the district.

LAS VEGAS (lahs vay' gas)

Clark county

Peak, mountain range and city. Sp. for "the meadows" because of the fertile, grassy district. City founded May 13, 1900 by the railroad company.

NEW MEXICO

POJUATE (poh wha'te)

Valencia county

River. Also shown as Pojuato and Paguate. Native name originally *Kwistyi*, meaning "take it down," referring to an ancient tradition. Formerly a Laguna village and not to be confused with the word *Pojoaque*.

CERILLOS (ser e' yos)

Santa Fe county

Sp. "dies for milling coined metal." From early Spanish mining colony.

HUECO (way 'ko)

Otero county

Mountains. Sp. for "a notched place; a hollow, a gap." Referring to the skyline of the hills.

SEBOYETA (se bo ye' tah, or say bo yea' tah)

Valencia county

Sp. *Cebolleta*, meaning "tender onions." A settlement on the Pojuate river. In 1746 a temporary settlement was made by the Spanish and a mission built in 1749, but it was abandoned the following year.

UTAH

TOOELE

Tooele county

City founded by Mormons in 1849 and was to be named Tule from tules in surrounding countryside, but the word was misspelled by Thomas Bullock, Brigham Young's secretary. Tooele county formed in 1850. (Bancroft).

UNCOMPAGHRE (un kom pah' gre)

Uinta county

Indian reservation. Original word was Tabeguache (*Mo-a-wa-ta-ve-wach*) meaning "the people living on the warm side of a mountain." Ute division in southwest Colorado, now officially designated as Uncompahgre Utes.

UTAH —

From Yu-tah, a tribe of Indians. The area comprising the present state was first entered by Capt. Garcia Lopez de Cardenas in 1540. The Yu-tah nation, consisting of many tribes, belongs to the Shoshone family.

Sez Hard Rock Shorty

of
Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"There is some as sez I ain't always spoke the truth."

Hard Rock Shorty mused in sorrow over this lack of honest appreciation.

"Like the time I found Grandpa Wilson's ramrod—

"One time I was up one o' them little gullies off'n Wild Rose, an' I seen a old, old Piñon stump standin' on the bank of a little U-shaped canyon. While I was watchin' the tree fell over longways o' the canyon an' rolled down the side. It had a lot o' speed by the time it got to the bottom, an' it rolled about half up tother side. Then, back it come an' rolled up the first side again. Back an' forth—back an' forth—it kept on rollin' up one side—down—an' up tother side. I watched it two hours afore I left.

"It was just a year later that Grandpappy an' me was prospectin' up there. Grandpa'd brought along his old muzzle loader to try for a rabbit, an' he busted his ramrod while we was standin' right in this little canyon the tree'd fell in. Rabbits all around, nothin' to eat, ramrod busted—was we in a pickle!

"Then I seen somethin' movin' up the hill an' when I leant down to look—

"Yes sir—there was that log still rollin'. Wore down to just the right size for Grandpa's ramrod! I still got the ramrod to prove it, an' yet there's some as say I just made up the story."

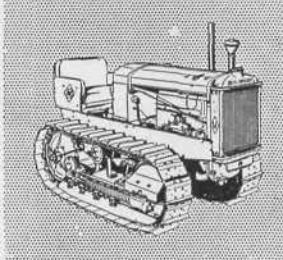
NEW INDOOR SPORT

San Jacinto tunnel crews on Southern California's Metropolitan water district aqueduct expected to hole through the Cabazon-Lawrence leg in July. Interest is high in the hardrockers' pool, in which the holder of the ticket on the exact minute of holing through will win the big prize. San Jacinto tunnel, 68,843 feet long, will be last of the major bores to be completed in the 392-mile water system. The main aqueduct is 242 miles long, extending from the Colorado river to a point 10 miles south of Riverside. The aqueduct job is 85 per cent completed. Bonds have been voted for \$220,000,000.

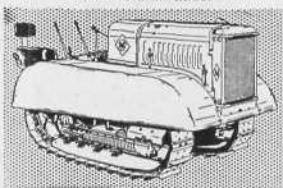
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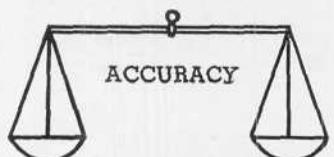
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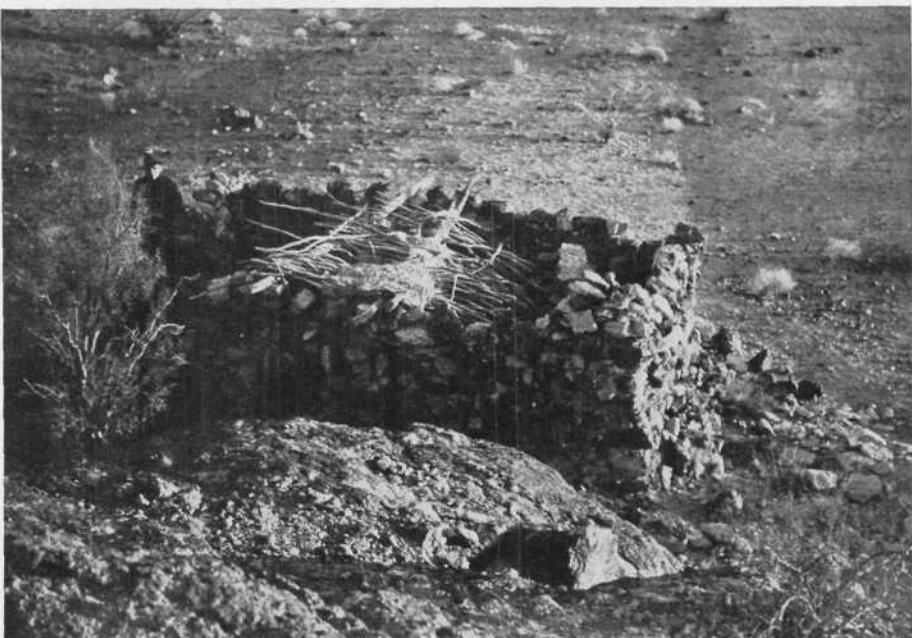
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Stone Cabin

W. G. Keiser, veteran of the desert, who resides at Quartzsite, Arizona, is the winner of the \$5.00 cash prize offered by the Desert Magazine in June for the best identification of the picture below. The contest did not bring out as much information as the magazine staff had hoped to obtain, but Mr. Keiser's letter was the most informative of all those received.



By W. G. KEISER

I seem to recognize the old stone cabin in your June issue. These rock walls are located on the Quartzsite-Yuma road about 60 miles north of Yuma and 30 miles south of Quartzsite. It is near the summit not far from the point where the roads from the King of Arizona, North Star and Castle Dome mines intersect the main north and south highway.

The cabin is on the west side of the road about 1000 feet off the highway where a sign pointing to it is marked "Stone Cabin."

As to the origin no definite information is available but it likely is one of many such cabins found in the Quartzsite region, probably erected either by early Spaniards or by the French at a later date. (See Bolton's History of early Missions in Arizona.)

At one such place near Quartzsite occur many stone cabins and remnants of old mud smelters.

What the roofs of these stone houses consisted of is a mystery. May have been simply brush. This particular cabin is known to have been used in 1870, and quite evidently was erected prior to the discovery of the placer mines in 1863. Stone cabin was along the probable route from Prescott to Yuma and also the old trail from Yuma to Tyson well.

Weather

JUNE REPORT FROM U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	85.8
Normal for June	84.5
High on June 5	112.
Low on June 13	63.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.28
Normal for June	0.07
Weather—	
Days clear	21
Days partly cloudy	8
Days cloudy	1

C. T. TERRY, Meteorologist.

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	85.2
Normal for June	84.7
High on June 5	111.
Low on June 12	61.

Rain—	Inches
Total for month	Trace
69-year average for June	0.02

Weather—	
Days clear	26
Days partly cloudy	4
Days cloudy	0

Sunshine 98 percent (411 hours out of possible 428 hours).

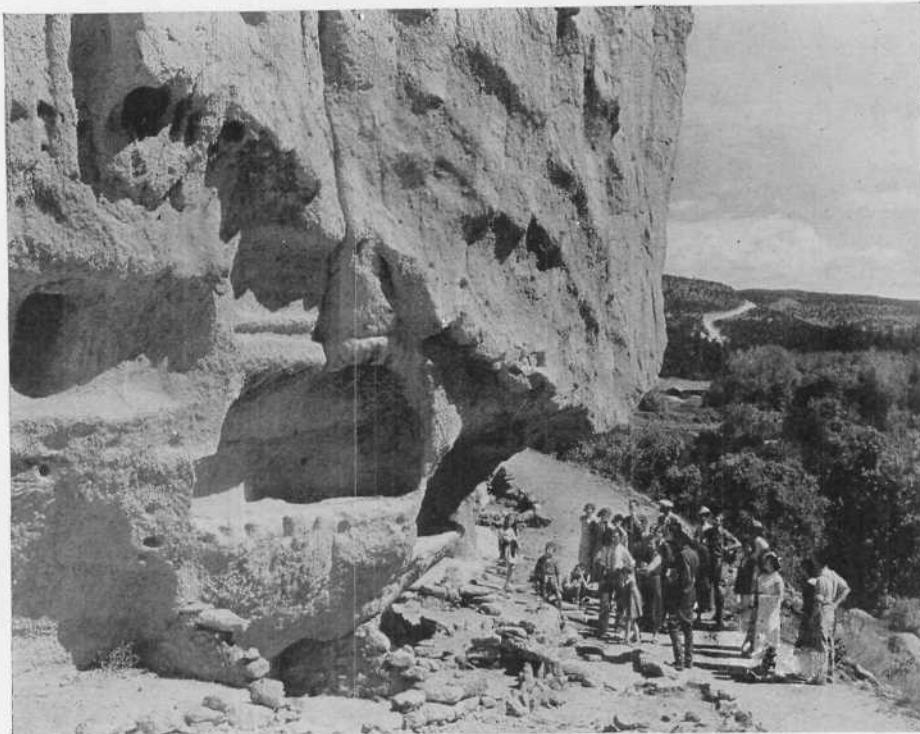
Colorado river—

June discharge at Grand Canyon, 4,722,000 acre-feet. Discharge at Parker 555,000 acre-feet. Estimated storage behind Boulder dam July 1:—22,275,000 acre-feet.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

LANDMARK IN NEW MEXICO

Can you indentify this place?



PRIZE FOR THE BEST ANSWER

How well do you know your Southwest? If you have visited all the main points of interest in New Mexico you have stood on the spot shown in the photograph above. Many thousands of visitors go there every year—and find it a fascinating place to hike and explore.

The Desert Magazine will pay a cash prize of \$5.00 to the person who sends in

a descriptive article of not over 300 words identifying the above landmark and giving all possible information about it.

The answers should give exact geographical location, accessibility to highways and railroads, and any other information which would interest desert visitors.

This contest is open to all, regardless of place of residence, and the deadline for entries is August 20, 1938. The winning answer will be published in the September number of the Desert Magazine.

SO OUT GOES THE HYPHEN IN "TWENTY-NINE PALMS"

When Col. Henry Washington made the original survey in 1855 he gave the name "29 Palms" to the oasis of native Washingtonias he found in the Joshua tree forest of San Bernardino county, California. More recently the chamber of commerce changed it to "Twenty-Nine Palms," spelling out the figures and adding the hyphen. And now Uncle Sam has decided it should be "Twentynine Palms"—with the hyphen omitted—and that is the way it appears in the postal guide. Not all the residents of the desert oasis approve the new version, but Editor Wm. J. Underhill of the local newspaper, Desert Trail, announced editorially "in the spirit of cooperation we will hereafter drop the hyphen and capital 'N' and hereby urgently request our readers and business associates to do likewise."

RECORD FENCE DESIGNED TO PROTECT NEW AQUEDUCT

Designed to keep jackrabbits and coyotes as well as range animals out of the Metropolitan aqueduct across the Southern California desert, one of the longest fences in the world recently was completed. The fence is 153 miles in length and is of heavy mesh topped with barbed wire. It extends along all the open ditch sections and around the reservoirs.

CHUCKAWALLA ENTRYMEN GIVEN NEW EXTENSION

Entrymen in Chuckawalla valley, California, have been granted a further exemption from annual assessment work on their desert claims by a bill approved by the last congress. The measure extends the time to May 1, 1940. Many hundreds of desert entries were filed between 1908 and 1912. Exemption from cancellation has been renewed by each congress since that time, pending water development.

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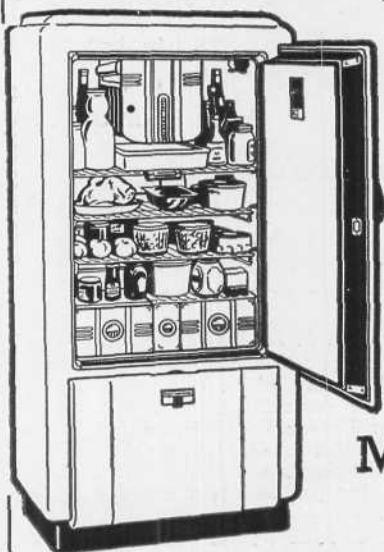
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Navajos Call It Nat-sis-an

Continued from page 12

boat expedition down the Colorado river in 1869 and 1870. Powell had lost his right arm in the Civil war, so the Pahutes called him *kai-par-uts*, or "one arm."

Only within the past 10 or 15 years have there been accounts of white men ever having set foot upon its timbered summit. For centuries its precipitous guarding cliffs had kept it an unknown land. In the summer of 1928 Clyde Kluckhohn, now a professor of anthropology at Harvard, led an expedition to the top of the mesa from the southern end. Standing on Navajo mountain, Clyde told us of that thrilling trip, of abundant game, fine springs of fresh clear water; and of prehistoric Indian ruins he discovered.

He had found Wild Horse mesa a veritable garden spot. Yet as I gazed out across those endless miles of tortured rock I could scarcely imagine a paradise. I can never forget the impression that scene made upon me—a land of solid rock cut and worn by countless ages of erosion, not a tree or a sign of life to break the awfulness of its magnitude. I had then, and still have, the feeling that I might have been gazing out across the surface of our long-dead moon. So broken, so treacherous and dry, it seemed little wonder that no one has dared to explore it.

That night as we sat around the campfire after the long and tedious descent of the mountain, we planned a future trip—planned as all lovers of the deserts and mountains always do—a trip to see what lies beyond that next range; and with us it will be Wild Horse mesa.

• • •

Park Service Bulletin Tells About Boulder Dam Recreational Area

For the information of motorists who may wish to include Boulder Dam and Lake Mead in their summer vacation trip the National Park Service has issued the data:

ROADS — Southern California to Boulder City via Barstow, Baker, and Las Vegas — all paved.

Kingman, Arizona to Boulder City — all paved.

Reno to Boulder City via Fallon, Tonopah, and Las Vegas — all paved.

Death Valley to Boulder City via Death Valley Jct., and Las Vegas — all paved.

Needles to Boulder City via Searchlight — 57 miles gravel, 42 miles paved.

Utah to Boulder City via U. S. 91 and Las Vegas — all paved.

U. S. Highway 91 to Overton Museum — all paved.

CAMPING—A free public campground on the shore of Lake Mead, six miles from Boulder City, is maintained by the National Park Service. Campers must carry drinking water from Boulder City.

A campground is maintained in Boulder City by the Bureau of Reclamation with all modern facilities including electric outlets. Fee 50c per day.

WHAT TO DO—Guide service through Boulder Dam and the Powerhouse provided by the Bureau of Reclamation from 6:45 a.m. to 10:15 p.m. daily. 25c per persons, children free.

Natural Color Pictures and talk by a National Park Service naturalist at 11 a.m. and 1:15 p.m. daily in the air-cooled Boulder City Theater. No charge.

Free Motion Pictures of the construction of Boulder Dam are shown continuously from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. in the Service Bureau in the air-cooled Boulder Theater building.

Boat Trips on regular schedules to Black Canyon, Boulder Dam, Boulder Canyon, and Grand Canyon. Trips from 75c up.

Swimming — Water temperature ideal; free dressing rooms, picnic tables and comfort stations. Floodlights in the evening until 10 p.m. Lifeguard protection.

Fishing — Many large bass are being caught. Non-resident state license \$3.00.

62 Years a Trader in Apache Land

Continued from page 4

through the town, the tide that sweeps around the world has changed the scene. Counterfeit bad men perform on a silver screen where the real bad men of another day performed in person. Neon lights blaze a challenge to the stars and the tall bronze figure of a pioneer Madonna of the Trail stands in front of the new federal building. The monument base has an inscription:

CORONADO PASSED HERE IN 1540
HE CAME TO SEEK GOLD
BUT FOUND FAME

On another of the granite faces:
A TRIBUTE TO THE PIONEERS OF
ARIZONA AND THE SOUTHWEST

Who Trod this Ground
and Braved the Dangers
of the Apaches and
other Warrior Tribes.

Gus Becker cocks a quizzical eye at the monument.

"Troubles with the Indians?" he repeats after you.

"Hell, all our troubles came from white men."

• • •

NEVADA RANGER CLAIMS TALLEST SAGEBRUSH PLANT

Forest Ranger Jay L. Sevy of Potts, Nevada, says he has found the skyscraper of the sagebrush family—a plant 14 feet 2 inches tall. Sage, the Nevada state flower, is the most important plant in Nevada in Sevy's opinion. He gives three reasons: (1) it is chief source of feed for sheep and other browsing animals in winter; (2) its roots bind the soil and keep Nevada from becoming a dust bowl; (3) it provides both food and cover for grouse.

TURQUOISE GEM FIELD

John W. Hilton, collector and lapidist, whose desert gem stories in the Desert Magazine during the past six months have attracted widespread interest, will have a feature article of special value to collectors in the September issue. The article is devoted to the mining of turquoise in both prehistoric and modern days, and will include a map showing where fair specimens of this semi-precious gem may be obtained on the Mojave desert of California. Hilton is gathering material for other articles on desert gems which are scheduled to appear regularly in this magazine next winter.

ACE CLIMBERS FAIL TO REACH TOP OF SHIPROCK

Shiprock in northeastern New Mexico remains unscaled despite the efforts of ace climbers from two of the outstanding mountaineering clubs of the United States during the past few months.

Most recent effort to reach the summit was made by six members of the Rocky Mountain Club of Colorado. Headed by Carl Blaurock, president of the club, and William F. Erwin, both of Denver, the party spent two days working on the precipitous walls of the New Mexico landmark. They were balked by sheer cliffs several hundred feet short of their goal.

Blaurock is a seasoned mountaineer and with Erwin has done much climbing in the Swiss Alps.

During the past winter Glen Dawson headed a party of climbers from the Sierra Club of California in an effort to scale Shiprock. They encountered extremely cold weather which made their work on the exposed rock faces especially hazardous. Dawson expressed the opinion that even under favorable conditions it will be some time before this peak is conquered.

JUST TO KEEP THE RECORDS STRAIGHT

A pressman inadvertently reversed one of the Indian jewelry pictures accompanying John W. Hilton's turquoise story in last month's Desert magazine. The result was that Zuni jewelry was labeled "Navajo," and the Navajo pieces were marked "Zuni". Apologies to the craftsmen of both tribes.

MAYANS MAY HAVE LIVED ON MOJAVE DESERT

Pictographs scratched in canyon walls 40 miles east of Barstow lead David Rogers, anthropologist for the Santa Barbara museum of natural history, to believe that a Mayan-like race inhabited the Mojave desert 5,000 years ago. History of the Mayans of Yucatan and Guatemala has heretofore been traced back only 2500 years. Rogers says he found three series of carvings in the Granite mountain foothills, first of them religious in significance; second series about 2500 years old and a third he identifies as belonging to modern Indians.



DATES

from a
desert
oasis

Write R. C. NICOLL, Prop., Thermal, Calif.

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Realism in line and color mark the desert canvases of Clifford Lewis, young artist whose work on Southwestern landscapes is attracting wide attention. Clifford Lewis will have his work on display during the coming season at—

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BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

LIFE ON THE RANGE IS SIMPLE—AND GLORIOUS

I had often wondered how cattle in the dry country ever managed to live more than a few months—or how their owners, though obviously optimistic and hopeful, ever could expect to continue existence, trying to raise animals where not a blade of anything is visible from the highway. But that was because I never left the highway. How is anyone to know what exists behind the purple rims of the ranges, or at the edge of the shimmering sands, if he stays on the highway? It takes a lot of living to carry on in the mountain-desert country, and on the surface, that effort might seem most monotonous—even appalling. Yet in MOUNTAIN CATTLE, Mary Rak has produced something so fine, simple, and entertaining as to have almost sold me the idea of going into business in the nearest canyon. Her story is purely narrative, the real life led by cattlemen, and concerns their ranch in Rucker Canyon in Cochise county, Arizona.

She has drawn clear, intimate pictures of the Indians, who live by honest labor, and frequent siestas; of the constant battle with elements and belligerent circumstances; the worry of droughts, and the glory of the rainfall.

There are the surging rivers to cross; the gates to open and close; the cattle to round up, count and brand—a vicious cycle to one who didn't love cattle—and the desert. Yet the author has so deftly and ably established herself that one feels pity for those who could not understand. Above all her sense of humor has done wonders. No predicament has been too great to bar a jolly quip, delightfully worded. Her scorn of dressed-up city visitors who feel sorry for her, is a joy to contemplate.

She has created real intimate friendliness with everything on the place by giving it a name: the Bang-Chook motor that pumps water for the cattle; Mrs. Trouble the recalcitrant cow; Thanky and Christy, the turkeys, intended for Thanksgiving and Christmas, respectively, but who survived, because they came running when called—and also when not called. Then there were Negrito and Robles, the dogs who crawled under the beds at the first clap of mountain thunder!

What a pleasant world she lives in, and how depressing the thought that so

few people not only do not have such a world, but would not like it if they did.

Published by Houghton Mifflin, New York, 1936.

TRACY M. SCOTT.

• • • NEW EDITION OF VISITORS' GUIDEBOOK IS PUBLISHED

Charles Francis Saunders' FINDING THE WORTHWHILE IN THE SOUTHWEST improves with the passing years. First printed by Robert M. McBride & Co., New York, 20 years ago, a fourth revised edition brings text up to date. Sixteen chapters give not only "practical information for the traveler," but do more than, as the author says, "hint at the wealth of human association that gives the crowning touch to the Southwest's charm of scenery." Mr. Saunders pleases with his choice of the worthwhile, in subject and in his description of the attractions and traditions of Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California. An informally intimate Baedeker, he is a thoroughly competent guide and a happy travel companion.

Here is a sample: Near Santa Fe in mid-August, he says the season is as sunny and showery as a sublimated eastern April. "The intense blue of the sky was blotted here and there with piled up cloud masses, which broke at times in streamers of rain upon the purple ranges of the Sangre de Cristo ahead of me—and after that descending shafts of light." He remembers a village—Santo Niño—the village of the Holy Child, "and His Peace that placid morning seemed to rest upon it. The streets were narrow shaded lanes, where irrigation ditches running full made a murmuring music, flowing now by adobe walls, now by picket fences where hollyhocks and marigolds and morning glories looked pleasantly out. It was a village not of houses merely, but of comfortable old orchards, too, and riotous gardens where corn and beans, chilis and melons locked elbows in happy comradery. I think every one I met was Mexican—the women in sombre black rebosos, the men more or less unkempt and bandit-appearing in ample-crowned sombreros, yet almost without exception offering me the courtesy of a raised hand and a *buenos días, señor.*" This is good description. There is good description, too, when the author takes you to the Grand Canyon, to Boulder City, or to the sky city of Acoma.

Chapter headings include the upper Rio Grande; Albuquerque, Dead Cities of the Salines; Acoma and Laguna; Zuni, via

Writers of the Desert . .

HULBERT BURROUGHS is a new name in the Desert Magazine this month. His story of Navajo mountain, Wild Horse mesa and the trail to Rainbow bridge covers an area which every desert traveler hopes to visit sooner or later. Burroughs is working on other assignments for future issues of the Desert Magazine. He is the son of Edgar Rice Burroughs of Tarzan fame.

Gallup; El Morro, the autograph rock; Land of the Navajo; Homes of the Hopi; Petrified Forest and Meteor Crater; Flagstaff as a Base; Grand Canyon; Montezuma's Castle and Well; San Antonio and Carlsbad Caverns; In the country of the Giant Cactus; Southern California and Boulder dam.

There are 15 illustrations and a map.

Tourist or stay-at-home will find this guide valuable and entertaining.

T. H. L.

HANDBOOK FOR NOVICES IN GEM COLLECTING

For those who have harbored a half-formed resolution to start a gem collection, and perhaps install an inexpensive lapidary for cutting and polishing, and who have never been quite sure where or how to start, Horace L. Thomson has written an informative little book, GEMS—HOW TO KNOW AND CUT THEM.

This booklet has been in circulation for some time but the author recently has revised the original edition and has incorporated in the new volume a 76-page section under the heading LEGENDS OF GEMS. This supplemental material is written for those who are especially interested in the legendary and astrological aspects of the well known gems.

One of the first things to be learned by the gem collector is the hardness test as a method of identifying the various minerals. The book contains a chart showing the hardness of 81 of the most commonly known gem stones. There is also a color chart for identification purposes.

Elementary information is given for those who desire to install a home lapidary, including pen and ink drawings of the equipment and halftone plates of rough and uncut stones.

The book is published by Graphic Press, Los Angeles, and sells for \$1.15 postpaid.

LAURENCE M. HUEY who wrote the story of Willie, Shoshone Indian boy, for the Desert Magazine this month is a member of the staff at the Museum of Natural History in Balboa Park, San Diego. Huey makes frequent field trips for the study and identification of birds and mammals—and his note books also record some interesting human specimens he has met along the way. He has made a special study of desert mice and gophers and has found and named several new species during his desert excursions.

* * *

DON ADMIRAL of Palm Springs whose illustrated features on desert trees and shrubs have appeared in the Desert Magazine during the past nine months, is in Yosemite valley this summer studying the botany of that area. He is working on a series of lectures on desert subjects to be given during the coming winter. Mrs. Admiral is accompanying her husband on the field trip

* * *

REG MANNING, Phoenix cartoonist whose recent "Cartoon Guide to Arizona" proved to be a best-seller, is now preparing a similar guide book about the Boulder dam and Lake Mead area.

* * *

The Desert Magazine is indebted to GORDON W. FULLER of Lancaster, California, for the excellent photographs reproduced with the Indian Museum story in this number. Gordon is clerk of the justice court at Lancaster and photography is just a hobby. For years he has been photographing Joshua trees. His collection includes Joshuas in every shape and mood. He has caught them covered with snow, silhouetted against gorgeous sunsets, and growing under every conceivable condition. He is an amateur who could give lessons to some of the professionals.

* * *

GLEN DAWSON, leader of the Sierra club quartet which climbed the Great White Throne in Zion National Park several months ago, is associated with his father, Ernest Dawson, in the management of the book store in Los Angeles which bears his name. In addition to being a highly skilled climber with experience in both the United States and Europe, Glen is an expert on skis. His climbing is done just for the fun of it—he's a sportsman in the finest sense of the word. His writing is a secondary interest—and usually requires some urging on the part of editors who are eager for his material.

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Angelus De Anza
HOTEL



Just Between You and Me

By Randall Henderson

LAST summer I was in the administration office of a western national park when one of those de luxe tourists in riding breeches and boots dashed in and asked to sign the register.

"This is my eighth park in 14 days," he told the ranger. "Is there anything to see around here?"

The ranger with characteristic courtesy assured him there was, and began naming some of the park's most worthwhile attractions. When he mentioned a lecture one of the naturalists was to give that evening the motorist had heard enough.

"Oh, I can't stay overnight here," he interrupted. Then with a meaningless "thank you" to the federal employe, he hurried out to his car and disappeared down the road—probably headed for National Park No. 9.

He was seeing the West—or thought he was. No doubt he arrived home a few days later and proudly exhibited to his friends a windshield half covered with national park stickers—as evidence of a vacation spent in traveling through scenic America. And if anybody asked him what he had seen, he could give about as much information as one would glean from a close inspection of a U. S. park postage stamp.

It is not necessary to call attention to the moral of this incident. Thoughtful people—the type of vacationist who reads the Desert Magazine, or any quality magazine—do not spend their outing periods collecting national park stickers.

But all of us are prone to map trips too long for real vacation enjoyment. I have made that mistake myself, more than once. I tried to cover too many miles and see too much scenery in the time available—and returned home tired from long hours at the wheel and with only a superficial knowledge of what I had seen. I was just a rubber-neck tourist—not a student.

And if I ever do that again I hope St. Peter will condemn me to a thousand years of servitude at the oars of a leaky boat on the River Styx.

* * *

Since not all of us have the time and money and courage to undertake a boat trip down the Colorado river through Grand Canyon, I recently picked out a little canyon closer home for my summer adventure.

With a congenial group of rock-climbers I spent a day making a downstream traverse of Deep Canyon in the Santa Rosa mountains near Indio, California. There is only a small stream of water and we did not need a boat for this expedition, but we encountered waterfalls where it was necessary to rope down 50 feet or more and swim out of the pool at the bottom.

It was an interesting day in a canyon which many people

have seen from the Palms-to-Pines highway but few have explored. I'll write about it for the Desert Magazine one of these days.

* * *

Every few days the mail man lugs in a big envelope addressed to the Desert Magazine and covered with hand-painted desert and mountain landscapes. The coloring is rather gaudy at times, but there is enough artistry about them to make me want to keep them as permanent souvenirs. They come from "Dauber Dan" whose studio is a little shanty on the Mojave desert.

I've never met Dan. I do not even know his proper name. But I am sure from his letters that he has the "feel" of the desert in his bones. In fact he likes the arid land so well he has written a poem in defense of desert wind storms. The poetry is bad—but it takes a stout heart to go through a Mojave sandstorm and like it. And so I have put Dan's name up near the top of my list of honest-to-goodness desert rats.

* * *

I always knew the Great American Desert had produced more prickly cacti and lost gold mines than any other part of the known world—and now I am ready to lay claim to a new international record.

I have just been reading the stories sent in by the contestants in the monthly Hot Air contest—and you can take my word for it, this desert produces the finest crop of liars on earth, with the possible exception of a Los Angeles real estate man's convention.

Frank Beckwith, dark horse from Delta, Utah, won the first prize—but he wasn't so far ahead of some of the others at that. We'll hold some of the best yarns over for re-entry in the next contest. They really ought to be published.

* * *

Most of the folks who send poems to the editor now spell Ocotillo correctly, and I haven't received a verse about a hopping horned toad for months. But there remains one other little matter for the nature study class to straighten out. I refer to the "coyote pack" which comes yelping across the page of an otherwise good poem every little while.

Just to be sure I am right about this, I have been asking the old desert rats—and they agree with me that coyotes never travel in packs. Mr. Coyote is a—well, I was going to say a rugged individualist, but perhaps "rugged" is not the right word. Anyway, he travels through life alone most of the time, and if other members of the coyote family happen to be in the same vicinity it is because they have been attracted to the spot by a plentiful supply of food.

Coyotes are something like those Arkansas bullfrogs—one of them can make enough noise for a whole tribe.

LETTERS...

St. Thomas, Nevada, June 11

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I am writing this letter from the old St. Thomas post-office, an old adobe building erected in the '60s by Mormon pioneers.

The waters of Lake Mead, rising behind Boulder dam, are lapping the doorstep and today is the final windup of the postoffice at St. Thomas. Another historic old landmark will soon be buried forever under the waters of this lake. And it will be only a short time until the "Lost City," buried for centuries under desert sands, will be buried for the last time under the waters of this great lake.

The postmaster here at St. Thomas has received some 4000 letters to be mailed from this old office the last day before the lake covers it.

GEO. E. PERKINS.

* * *

Santa Monica, California

Dear Sirs:

Never having written a letter to a magazine before I hardly know how to begin. I am writing you in appreciation of your swell magazine. I was the only person in my class to receive an "A" in my biology and botany classes. My instructors have said that the excellent material found in your magazine was one of the contributing factors in my "A" grades. It contains very interesting and excellent material.

Thanking you again and wishing you success in your swell publication, I am

WARREN KINGHAM.

* * *

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Gentlemen:

We have noted a clipping from your magazine which reads as follows:

"Santa Fe . . .

"According to State Game Warden Wm. H. Sawtelle, complimentary hunting and fishing licenses will be issued to pioneers 70 years of age who have resided in New Mexico 25 or more consecutive years. Resident fishing licenses are \$1.75 and non-resident licenses \$3.00."

This undoubtedly is an error in two respects. First, the heading should have been Phoenix, Arizona, instead of Santa Fe, and the mention of the State of New Mexico should have been Arizona instead of New Mexico. Mr. Sawtelle is Game Warden of Arizona and not New Mexico and no such arrangements as referred to in this clipping have been made in the State of New Mexico.

ELLIOTT S. BARKER,
State Game Warden.

* * *

Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Sir:

My attention has been called to an article "Gift of the Genii," which has just appeared in the June issue of the Desert Magazine.

I think it is grand. Such a beautiful way of presenting a subject as great as the Grand Canyon.

I am writing to commend you for selecting it for publication.

Hope we may have the privilege of reading more expressions from the same author.

MRS. G. L. SPENCER.



Banning, California

Dear Sirs:

The picture inclosed is of a cactus growing in my back yard. I have made many inquiries of people that should know what it is but no one has ventured to name it. M. French Gilman says it is not a native.

There are 25 flowers in the picture. Two others came out the day previous to taking the picture. The flowers come annually; come out only at night and perish by sundown the day following. They are exquisitely light pink in color. The perfume is generous and pleasing. The throat of the flower is large enough to admit a bee and is literally decorated with soft golden pollen.

This particular cactus is about ten years old. We have several off shoots that are coming on and one of them flowered this year.

I would like to know the name of the cactus and if this picture is interesting enough to be used by you that will be fine.

GEO. L. WING.

Perhaps some of the cactus collectors who read the Desert Magazine can solve Mr. Wing's problem. The picture is printed on this page and any answers sent to the magazine office will be forwarded to the owner of the cactus.—Editor.

* * *

Delta, Utah

Dear Mr. Henderson:

On page 29, July issue of the DESERT MAGAZINE is given UTAH

Kanab . . . Word doubtless of Indian origin;
meaning unknown.

Consult Edward Sapir's Dictionary of Ute, in American Academy of Arts and Sciences, page 629, top of page:

"Quan-a willow." (Q has often the sound of "K").

Quanavi in composition. This is Anglicised into the use of "b" as an equivalent of "v" and becomes in English K a n a b meaning "the willow" so named because in early days when the Indians were living there and the whites first came, there was a large, distinguishing clump of willows there. In other words the equivalent of the town of the willows.

FRANK BECKWITH.



Why I Bought Another "CATERPILLAR"

. . . an unsolicited endorsement
from H. A. Hastain, prominent
Imperial Valley rancher.

Brawley, California,
June 25, 1938.

Ben Hulse Tractor & Equipment Co.,
El Centro, California.

Gentlemen:

As you no doubt know I have been farming in Imperial County for more than twenty-five years, starting of course when our farming was done by horses and horse-drawn implements. But many years ago I decided that, in an intensively cultivated area where we have extreme heat to contend with in the summer and in a country like this, where loss of time in many cases means loss or partial loss of crops or the revenue therefrom, that I should purchase machinery for the operating of my ranches. When I came to that decision, after a careful investigation of quality and service facilities, I decided to purchase "Caterpillar" equipment for many years.

Today, I took delivery, from you, of a new "Caterpillar" D-6 Diesel, wide gauge, which will be operated exclusively on my ranches. I shall continue to buy "Caterpillar" equipment on my because I know, when I buy "Caterpillar" that I am buying the latest thing in economy. And, after all, economy in operation generally means a difference between a loss and a gain to the farmer.

In closing, I want to say that your company has given me as near complete service at all times, day or night, as one could expect from any dealership.

Very truly yours,

H. A. Hastain
H. A. Hastain

HAH:L

The letter shown above is a facsimile of an actual testimonial addressed to Ben Hulse, Imperial and Yuma valley "Caterpillar" dealer. The picture shows Mr. Hastain standing beside his new "Caterpillar" with his driver Delbert Lunceford.

BEN HULSE

Tractor and Equipment Company

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